A

CHILD'S BOOK

OF

RELIGION.

For Sunday Schools and Homes.

COMPILED BY
O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

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WALKER, FULLER, AND COMPANY.
1866.

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PREFACE.

A FEW words are necessary to explain the purpose of this little book, and the way in which it may be used to the best advantage.

The author has thought it wiser to make a collection of materials for worship and instruction than to arrange a formal series of services or lessons that might interfere with freedom of selection and combination on the part of the teacher or superintendent.

The questions and answers under the captions "TRUTH" and "THE GOOD LIFE" are not designed to take the place of other teaching, either by manual or discourse; but are merely intended to supplement and vary such teaching as may be adopted. Where manuals are used, one of the catechisms, or some portion of one, may be read at such intervals of time as may be found convenient; the whole being recited, perhaps, once in a twelvemonth. Where no manuals are used, but the teachers are left mainly to their own resources, they will find abundant material for lessons in Part III. by taking the Questions and Answers, in course, from week to week; or by selecting single passages for oral exposition.

The "GOLDEN WORDS" may be used as texts for lessons, or may be committed to memory by the children.

The Creed may be recited by the whole school in unison, three or four times in the year, or on festival-days, as the conductors of the schools may decide.

The author is persuaded that the element of worship should enter more largely than it does into the systematic instruction of the young. He has, therefore, made copious selections in that department; offering no written prayers, but endeavoring to express every form of the devout sentiment in language richer than he could frame. The poetical pieces are designed to be read responsively, like the psalms; teacher and scholars reciting the alternate lines in full school. It is recommended that one or more of these, and one or more of the pieces in the Second Part, be used at each service; the choice of pieces being guided by the feeling of the superintendent, or by the tone he wishes to give to the general exercise.

The special forms of service for the festival-days indicate the order which the writer has found most convenient in the administration of his own school.

A few hymns and tunes, as many as the space would allow, and perhaps enough for ordinary use, are added to complete the design of the volume.

The book is, in the main, a compilation; as every such book must be. All available sources have been freely drawn from, with suitable acknowledgment to the authors. Where the pieces were entirely original, as is the

case with those taken from A. J. DAVIS's little Manual for the Children's Lyceum, special permission to use them was cordially granted.

The list of "RULES FOR THE GOOD LIFE," and the Questions and Answers on the subject of Rewards and Punishments, were copied, with some changes, from LEIGH HUNT's lovely little book, "THE RELIGION OF THE HEART." For the rest of the Questions and Answers, and for the Creed, the writer himself is responsible. The "LEGENDS OF VIRTUE" were taken from different collections, and have been written out for the benefit of the younger children, who can hear them read by parent or teacher. The number of them might have been indefinitely increased, had the size of the volume not forbidden.

Such as it is, the book is an experiment. If it makes a contribution to the meagre literature of the Sunday School and the Home Worship, or fills, for a time, a place now unfilled, the compiler will be satisfied.

O. B. F.

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CHILD'S BOOK OF RELIGION.

PART I.

WORSHIP.

I.

CALLS TO PRAYER.

1. THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY Alpine lake, 'neath shady rock,
The herdboy knelt beside his flock,
And softly told, with pious air,
His alphabet as evening prayer.

Unseen, his pastor lingered near.
"My child, what means the sound I hear?
May I not in the worship share,
And raise to heaven my evening prayer?

"Where'er the hills and valleys blend,
The sounds of prayer and praise ascend.
My child, a prayer yours cannot be:
You've only said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray:
All that I know, to God I say;
I tell the letters on my knees:
He makes the words himself to please."

Miss Lander (from the German).

---

2. THE BEAUTY OF PRAYER.

IT is good to pray unto God: for his sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from the door; but he heals and helps and consoles them.
It is good to pray when all things are prospering with us, —
Pray in fortunate days; for Life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne, and, with hands interfolded,
Praises, thankful and moved, the only Giver of blessings.
For do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor, that it has not received?
Therefore fall on thy knee, and pray. The seraphs, adoring,
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who
Hung his masonry pendent on nought when the world he created.

Earth declareth his might, and the firmament
speaketh his glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward
from heaven,—
Downward like withered leaves. At the last
stroke of midnight, millenniums
Lay themselves down at his feet; and he sees
them, and counts them as nothing.
Yet why do ye fear, ye children? This awful
Avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God. God's voice was not
heard in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm; but it was in the
whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation, — God's essence.
Worlds without number
Lie in his bosom like children. He made them
for this purpose only,—
Only to love, and to be loved again. He breathed
forth his Spirit
Into the slumbering dust; and, upright standing,
it placed
Its hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with
a flame out of heaven.
Quench, oh, quench not that flame! It is the
breath of your being!

From the Swedish of Tegnèr,
Translated by Longfellow.

3. PRAYER IS OF NO PLACE.

OH! wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were our spirits but turned from the outward and dim,
They could gaze even now on the presence of Him:
Not in clouds, nor in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.
Then what if our feet may not tread where he stood,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor our eyes see the cross which he bowed him to bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer?
Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,
As at Bethlehem's tomb or on Olivet's brow.

J. G. Whittier.

4. PRAYER IS OF NO FORM.

NOT all the pomp of rituals, nor the savor
Of gums and spices, can the unseen One please.
As if his ear could bend with childish favor
To the poor flattery of the organ-keys!
Not such the service the benignant Father
Requireth at his earthly children's hands;
Not the poor offering of vain rites; but rather
The simple duty man from man demands.
For he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken:
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.
O brother-man! fold to thy heart thy brother.
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there:
To worship rightly is to love each other;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.
Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. Whittier.

5. THE ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

TO heaven approached a pious saint
From wandering in the darkness late,
And, tapping timidly and faint,
Besought admission at the gate.

Said God, "Who seeks to enter here?"
"'Tis I, dear friend!" the saint replied,
Trembling all through with hope and fear.
"If it be *thou*, remain outside!"

Sadly to earth the poor saint turned
To bear the scourging of life's rods;
But still his heart within him yearned
To mix and lose its love in God's.

He roamed alone through weary years,
By cruel men still scorned and mocked;
Till, purified by fires and tears,
Again he went, again he knocked.

Said God, "Who now is at the door?" —
"It is thyself, beloved Lord!"
The saint replied. He doubts no more,
But passes in to his reward.

Alger's Oriental Poetry.

6. THE FORM OF GOD.

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart;
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine;
And Peace, the human dress.

Thus every man in every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the Human Form divine, —
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the Human Form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew:
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

William Blake.

7. THE CALL OF NATURE.

THE harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee;
Their white locks bowing to the sand, —
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour their glittering treasures forth;
Their gifts of pearl they bring;
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green Earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
  Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
  Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
  Or low with sobs of pain,
The thunder organ of the cloud,
  The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head, and branches crossed,
  The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
  From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;
  Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
  The chorus of its prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
  With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
  The prayerless heart of man.

J. G. Whittier.

8. THE CALL OF THE FLOWERS.

LO! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Children, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!"

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we;
Yet we carol merrily.
"Children, fly from doubt and sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow."

One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his creatures, lest they fall.
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow.

Bishop Heber.

9. THE CALL OF THE BIRDS.

LIST to the birds that sing!
Pluck the primroses; pluck the violets;
Pluck the daisies;
Sing their praises:
Friendship with the flowers noble thoughts begets.
Come forth and gather these sweet elves;
Come and gather them yourselves;
Learn of the gentle flowers whose worth is more than gold.
Pierce into the bowers
Of the gentle flowers,
Which not in solitude
Dwell, but with each other keep society,
And with a simple piety
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good,
Or upon summer earth
To die in virgin worth,
Or to be strewn before the bride,
And the bridegroom by her side.
Come forth on Sundays,
Come forth on Mondays,
Come forth on any day!

Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
Worship him at your tasks with best endeavor;
Worship him in your sports; worship him ever.

Worship him in the wild wood;
Worship him amidst the flowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in his praise.

Edward Youl (altered).

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10. THE JOY OF WORSHIP.

OH! SWEETER than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the church
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the church,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. Coleridge.

11. WHAT RABBI JEHOSHA SAID.

RABBI JEHOSHA used to say
That God made angels every day
Perfect as Michael and the rest
First brooded in Creation's nest;
Whose only office was to cry
"Hosanna!" once, and then to die.
If with life's sources to be blent,
Be not return from banishment.

Rabbi Jehosha had the skill
To know that heaven is in God's will;
And doing that, though for a space,
One heart-beat long, may win a grace
As full of grandeur and of glow
As princes of the chariot know.

'Twere glorious, no doubt, to be
One of the winged hierarchy;
To burn with seraphs, or to shine
With cherubs deathlessly divine:
Yet I, perhaps, poor earthly clod,
Could I forget myself in God;
Could I but find my nature's clew
Simply, as birds and blossoms do;
And but for one rapt moment know
'Tis heaven that comes, not we that go, —

Should win my place as near the throne
As the pearl, angel of its zone,
And God would listen 'mid the throng
For my one breath of perfect song.

J. R. Lowell.

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12. THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
By which the daily bread was earned.
Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er the work his boy's curls fell:
But ever at each period
He stopped, and sang, "Praise God!"
Then back again his curls he threw,
And, cheerful, turned to work anew.
Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done!
I doubt not thou art heard, my son,
As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God the Pope's great way.
This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."
Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway;
A thousand years are but a day.
God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."
Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings, and sank to earth;
Entered in flesh the empty cell;
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;
And, morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
And from a boy to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue;
The man matured, and fell away
Into the season of decay;
And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.
God said, "A praise is in my ear:
There is no doubt in it, no fear.
So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go;
Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings; off fell
The flesh disguise; remained the cell.
'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above St. Peter's dome.
In the robing-room, close by
The great outer gallery,
With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
'Till on his life the sickness weighed;
And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer;
And, rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.
To the east with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.
"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here: I did not well.
Vainly I left my angel sphere;
Vain was thy dream for many a year:
Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped;
The chorus of creation stopped!
Go back, and praise again
The early way, while I remain.
With that weak voice which we disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.
Back to the cell and poor employ;
Become the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home:
A new pope dwelt in Peter's dome.
One vanished as the other died:
They sought the good God side by side.

R. Browning.

13. THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

THE sabbath's sun was setting low
Amidst the clouds at even:
"Our Father," breathed a voice below, —
"Father who art in heaven."

Beyond the earth, beyond the clouds,
Those infant words were given:
"Our Father," angels sang aloud, —
"Father who art in heaven."

"Thy kingdom come," still from the ground
That child-like voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound
Far up the starry way.

"Thy will be done," with little tongue
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng
Sing from the heavenly shores.

"Forever," still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"Forever," floats in music sweet
High 'midst the angels there.

Charles Swain.

14. THE CHILD AND THE DOVE.

THERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings — that dove so mild —
From the Father in heaven who hears her speak
A blessing on every child.
Then, children, lift up a pious prayer:
It hears whatever you say, —
That heavenly dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray.

Fredrika Bremer (Trans. by Mary Howitt).

2.

ASPIRATION.

I.

O LORD! thou hast searched me and known me.
Thou knowest my resting and my rising;
Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.
Thou watchest my path and my lying-down,
And art acquainted with all my ways.
Before the word is on my tongue,
Behold, O Lord! thou knowest it altogether.
Thou besettest me behind and before,
And layest thine hand upon me.
Whither shall I go from thy Spirit,
And whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in the under-world, behold! thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, Surely the darkness will cover me,
Even the night shall be light about me.

Yes, the darkness hideth not from thee,
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.
How precious to me are thy thoughts, O God!
How great is the sum of them!
If I should count them, they would outnumber
the sand.
When I awake, I am still with thee.
Search me, O God! and know my heart;
Try me, and know my thoughts;
And see if there be any evil way in me;
And lead me in the way everlasting.

II.

I will extol thee, my God, my King;
I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee,
And praise thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised:
His greatness is unsearchable.
The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and rich in mercy.
The Lord is good to all,
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all that are bowed down.
The eyes of all wait upon thee,
And thou givest them their food in due season.
Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is just in all his ways,
And merciful in all his works.
The Lord is nigh to all that call upon him, —
To all that call upon him in truth.
He meets the desire of them that fear him;
He heareth their cry, and helpeth them.
The Lord preserveth all those that love him:
Let all men bless his holy name for ever and ever.

III.

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise the Lord, O my soul!
I will praise the Lord as long as I live;
I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.
He made heaven and earth;
The sea, and all that is therein.
He keepeth truth forever;
He maintaineth the cause of the oppressed;
He giveth food to the hungry;
He setteth free the prisoners;
He openeth the eyes of the blind;
He raiseth them that are bowed down;
He loveth the good;
He defendeth the stranger;
He relieveth the fatherless and the widow;
He gathereth together the exiles;
He healeth the broken in heart,
And bindeth up their wounds.

He lifteth up the lowly;
He casteth the wicked down to the ground.
He covereth the heavens with clouds;
He causeth grass to grow on the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food;
He delighteth not in the strength of the horse;
He taketh not pleasure in the power of a man:
The Lord taketh pleasure in those that love him,
In those that trust in his mercy.
Great is the Lord, and mighty in power;
His understanding is infinite.

IV.

Bless the Lord, O my soul!
O Lord, my God! thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with glory and majesty;
Thou coverest thyself with light as with a garment.
He spreadeth out the heavens like a curtain;
He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;
He maketh the clouds his chariot;
He rideth on the wings of the wind;
He maketh the winds his messengers;
The flaming lightnings are his ministers.
He sendeth forth the springs in brooks;
They run among the mountains;
They give drink to all the beasts of the forest:
Near them the birds of heaven have their habitation.

He causeth grass to spring up for cattle,
And herbage for the service of man.
The mighty trees are full of sap:
There the birds have their nests.
He set the moon to mark the seasons:
The sun knoweth when to go down.
He maketh darkness, and it is night,
When all the beasts of the forest go forth:
The young lions roar for prey,
And seek their food from God.
The sun ariseth: they retire,
And lie down in their dens.
Man goeth forth to his labor until the evening.
All creatures look up to thee
To give them their food in due season.
Thou givest it to them: they take it.
Thou openest thine hand: they are satisfied with good.
Thou hidest thy face: they are confounded.
Thou takest away their breath: they die,
And return to the dust.
Thou sendest forth thy Spirit; they are created:
And thou renewest the face of the earth.
I will sing to the Lord as long as I live;
I will sing praise to my God while I have being.

V.

Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And all that is within me, bless his holy name.
Bless the Lord, O my soul!
And forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who saveth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.
The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and rich in mercy.
He hath not dealt with us according to our sins,
Nor requited us according to our iniquities.
As high as are the heavens above the earth,
So great is his mercy to them that trust him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Even as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that trust him.
As for man, his days are as grass:
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
The wind passes over it, and it is gone;
And its place shall know it no more:
But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting,
And his goodness to children's children.
Bless the Lord, ye his angels,—
Ye mighty ones that do his commands;
Bless the Lord, all ye his hosts,—
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure;
Bless the Lord, all his works;
Bless the Lord, O my soul!

VI.

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters;
He refresheth my heart;
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
For his name's sake.
When I walk through the dark valley,
I fear no evil; for thou art with me:
Thy crook and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table for me in sight of my enemies;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

VII.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
The firmament showeth the work of his hands.
Day uttereth wisdom unto day,
And night showeth knowledge unto night.
They have no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard:
Yet their sound goeth forth to all the earth,
And their words to the ends of the world.
The law of the Lord is perfect, refreshing the soul;

The precepts of the Lord are sure, making wise
the simple;
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the
heart;
The commandments of the Lord are pure, enlight-
ening the eyes;
The service of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous.
Oh! cleanse thou me from secret faults;
Keep back thy children from presumptuous sins.
May the words of my mouth and the meditation
of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength
and my redeemer!

VIII.

I will lift up my eyes to the hills,
From whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber;
Behold, he that keepeth us will never slumber nor
sleep.
The Lord is our keeper;
The Lord is our shade on the right hand.
The sun shall not smite us by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve us from all evil;
He shall preserve our souls.

The Lord shall preserve our going-out and our coming-in
From this time forth, and even for evermore.

IX.

The Lord is my light and my safety:
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life:
Of whom shall I be afraid?
When tempters come upon me to destroy me,
They stumble and fall.
Though an army should encamp about me,
My heart should not fear;
Though war should rise against me,
In God would I trust.
One thing I have desired of the Lord, —
That I will seek for, —
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life;
That I may behold the beauty of the Lord, and see his truth.
For, in the time of trouble, he shall hide me in his tent;
In a corner of his tent he shall hide me; he shall set me on a rock.
Then shall my head be lifted up above my enemies.
Therefore will I bring him sacrifices of joy:
I will sing, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
Hear, O Lord! when I cry to thee with my heart;
Have pity upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, "Seek ye my face,"
My heart said, "Thy face, Lord, I will seek."
Hide not thy face from me;
Put me not away from thee.
Thou hast been my help; leave me not:
Do not forsake me, O God of my safety!
When my father and mother forsake me,
Then the Lord will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Lord!
Lead me in a plain path.
Let me not fall under the power of temptation;
For the tempters have risen up all about me.
I must think I see the goodness of the Lord day by day.
Wait on the Lord; be of good courage: he shall strengthen thy heart.
Wait, I say, on the Lord.

X.

I will bless the Lord at all times;
His praise shall be continually in my mouth.
My soul shall exult in the Lord:
The humble shall hear me, and be glad.
Oh! magnify the Lord with me;
Let us exalt his name together.
I sought the Lord, and he heard me;
He delivered me from all my fears.
They looked up to him, and were lightened;
And I was saved from shame.

This poor soul cried, and the Lord heard;
He saved it from all its trouble.
The angel of the Lord encamps about them that trust him,
And protects them.
Oh! taste and see how good is the Lord.
Blessed are they that trust him.
Trust the Lord, ye children:
They that trust him have no want.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
Thou wilt teach us the fear of the Lord.
Who is it that loves life, —
That loves the days for the good they bring?
Keep our tongue from evil,
Our lips from speaking guile.
Lead us from evil toward the good;
Make us love peace, and secure it.
The eyes of the Lord are on the righteous;
His ear is open to their cry.
They cry, and the Lord heareth;
He delivereth them from all their troubles.
The Lord is nigh to them that are of a broken heart;
He saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.
Though the troubles of the good be many,
The Lord delivereth him from them all.
The Lord defendeth the lives of his servants,
And none that trust in him shall be deserted.

XI.

As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
So pant our souls for thee, O God!
Our heart thirsteth for thee, the living God:
When shall we come to the presence of God?
When I think of thee, I pour out my heart to thee,
And we ours, with the voice of joy and praise.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Why art thou uneasy within us?
Hope ye in God:
We shall yet see the light of his countenance.
The Lord will show his loving-kindness in the daytime;
In the night, his song shall be in our mouth.
Oh! send out thy light and thy truth;
Let them lead us to thy holy hill.
God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
We will not fear, though the earth be shaken,
Though the mountains be carried into the sea,
Though the waters of the sea roar,
Though the mountains tremble with their rage.
God is with us:
We shall not be moved.
God will help us,
And that quickly.
The mighty God is with us;
The ancient God is our safety.
Be still, and you shall feel the presence of God.
The mighty God is with us; the ancient God is our safety.

XII.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God!
Unto thee shall the vow be paid.
O Thou that hearest prayer!
All people shall come to thee.
Blessed are they whom thou choosest:
They shall be satisfied with thy goodness.
Thou art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
And of them that are far off on the sea.
Thy strength setteth fast the mountains:
They are girded with thy power.
Thou stillest the noise of the seas;
Thou stillest the noise of the people.
They that dwell in the desert have tokens of thee:
Thou makest the morning and the evening sing.
Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it;
Thou preparest corn in its season;
Thou waterest the hills;
Thou waterest the valleys;
Thou makest the ground soft with showers;
Thou blessest the tender shoot;
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
Thy footsteps are followed by plenty.
The rain falls on the green spots in the desert;
The little hills re-echo with joyfulness;
The pastures are covered with flocks;
The valleys are covered with corn;
They shout for gladness,
They sing for joy.

XIII.

Oh! give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth forever.
Oh! give thanks unto the God of gods;
For his mercy endureth forever.
Oh! give thanks unto the Lord of lords;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him who alone doeth great wonders;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him that by great wisdom made the heavens;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him that made great lights;
For his mercy endureth forever.
The sun to rule by day;
For his mercy endureth forever.
The moon and stars to rule by night;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him that gave to us our freedom;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him who hath carried us through the Red Sea;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him who gave us our land for a heritage;
For his mercy endureth forever.
To him who remembered us in our weakness;
For his mercy endureth forever.
And hath redeemed us from our enemies;
For his mercy endureth forever.

Who giveth food to all creatures;
For his mercy endureth forever.
Oh! give thanks unto the God of heaven;
For his mercy endureth forever.

XIV.

Oh! give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth forever.
Let the elders say,
His mercy endureth forever.
Let all the children say,
His mercy endureth forever.
Let them that trust in the Lord say,
His mercy endureth forever.
I called on the Lord in my distress:
The Lord answered me, and raised me up.
The Lord is on my side:
I will not fear what man can do unto me.
The Lord taketh my part:
Therefore I will not fear them that hate me.
It is better to trust in the Lord
Than to put confidence in men;
It is better to trust in the Lord
Than to put confidence in princes.
The Lord is my strength and song;
He is become my safety.
The right hand of the Lord is lifted;
The right hand of the Lord is mighty.
The Lord doth try me sorely;
But he does not destroy.

Open the gates of goodness,
And I will thankfully go in.
I will praise thee; for thou hast heard me,
And hast become my safety.
God is the Lord, who hath showed us light.
I will not bring to the Lord that which hath cost me nothing.
Thou art my God, and I will praise thee:
Thou art my God; I will exalt thee.
Oh! give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good:
For his mercy endureth forever.

15. GOD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GOD of the mountain,
God of the storm,
God of the flowers,
God of the worm,
God of the darkness,
God of the sun,
God of the beautiful,
God of each one,
Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing;
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing;
Teach us to love thee,
To love one another, brother his brother;
And make us all free, —
Free from the bondage of old superstition,
Free from contempt of our comrade and neighbor.
Help us each one to fulfil his true mission;
And teach us 'tis noble, 'tis godlike, to labor.

16. PRAISE.

KING of comfort, King of life,
Thou hast cheered me;
And, when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me.
Not a nook in all my breast,
But thou fill'st it;
Not a thought that breaks my rest,
But thou kill'st it.
Day and night — not once a day —
I will bless thee;
And, my heart, in new array
I will dress thee.
Not one minute in the year
But I'll mind thee:
As my seal and bracelet here
I will bind thee.
In thy word, as if in heaven,
I will rest me;
And thy promise, till made even,
There shall feast me.
And if, dear Lord, when to thy board
Thy child comes begging,
He hath a flower, or to his power
Some lesser offering, —
When thou hast made thy beggar glad,
And filled his bosom,
Let him, though poor, drop at thy door
His tiny blossom.

Henry Vaughan.

17. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

REGION of life and light!
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er!
No frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits forevermore!
There without crook or sling
Walks the Good Shepherd. Blossoms white and red
Round his meek temples cling;
And, to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.
He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted; for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.
He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought good,
And fountains of delight;
And where his feet have stood
Springs up along the way their tender food;
And when in the mid skies
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound.

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.
Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O Love! in thee,—
Ah! then my soul should know,
Beloved, where thou liest at noon of day,
And, from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

W. C. Bryant (from the Spanish).

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18. THE GOD OF THE SEASONS.

THESE as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent; then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year.

And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful thou, with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! What skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! A simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude, unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, — marks not the mighty Hand
That ever busy wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend; join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join, and ardent raise
One general song. To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:

Oh! talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself, —
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend; ye harvests, wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams.
Great source of day, best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad, responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Sweetest of birds, sweet nightingale, entrance
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Still sing the God of seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget, my heart, to beat!

James Thomson.

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19. TO A SKYLARK.

UP with me, up with me, into the clouds!
For thy song, lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds,
Singing, singing!
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me, till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind.

I have walked through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary:
Had I now the wings of a fairy,
Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine:
Lift me, guide me, high and high,
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

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20. JOYOUS AS MORNING.

THOU art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest;
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark! thou wouldst be loath
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain-river,
Pouring out praise to the almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!
Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors and dusty ways must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness, and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures when life's day is done.

Wordsworth.

21. ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher, will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,
Through the path of duty:
Virtue is true happiness;
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth:
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather.
Oh! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

James Montgomery.

22. THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

HIGH thoughts,
They come and go
Like the soft breathing of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds from woods and fields with gladness laden.
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come;
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum;
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye,—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call,
And garners all,—
Earth grows a shadow,
Forgotten whole,
And heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me
When deep within the bosom of the forest
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest;
When the young beams glance among the trees;
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees;

When every branch has its own favorite bird,
And songs of summer from each thicket heard;
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there:
While Nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom.
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow;
When I can follow every fitful shadow;
When I can catch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The sabbath-bell
O'er wood and fell, —
I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart:
Heaven is before me;
God, thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darkened;
They come to bless
After the vanities to which we hearkened.
When weariness hath come upon the spirit, —
Those hours of darkness which we all inherit, —
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine,
A wingèd thought, which bids us not repine?
In joy and sadness,
In mirth and gladness,
Come signs and tokens:
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep, —
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep.

Robert Nicoll.

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23. A SUPPLICATION.

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice,— the voice of Thee alone.

Come; for I need Thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain:
Come, like Thy Holy Dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant nor tree Thine eyes delight so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Our spirits come with Thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

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24. THE SOUL'S CALM.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple sacred evermore,
And all the Babel of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth.
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in thee.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

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25. THE HEART'S PRAYER

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see;
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee,
My God! silent to thee;
Pure, warm, silent to thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea;
So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God! trembling to thee;
True, sure, trembling to thee.

Thomas Moore.

26. THE HYMN OF NATURE

THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God!
Attune their evening hymn:
All-wise, All-holy, thou art praised
In song of seraphim.
Unnumbered systems, suns, and worlds,
Unite to worship thee;
While thy majestic greatness fills
Space, time, eternity.

Nature, a temple worthy thee,
Beams with thy light and love,
Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
Whose stars rejoice above;
Whose altars are the mountain-cliffs
That rise along the shore;
Whose anthems, the sublime accord
Of storm and ocean roar.

Her song of gratitude is sung
By Spring's awakening hours;
Her Summer offers at thy shrine
Its earliest, loveliest flowers;
Her Autumn brings its golden fruits,
In glorious luxury given;
While Winter's silver heights reflect
Thy brightness back to heaven.

Bowring.

27. GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE.

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine;
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day with farewell-beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine;
And all things fair and bright are thine.

Thomas Moore.

28. PRAISE TO NATURE'S GOD.

LAUDED be Thy name forever, —
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Lauded be thy name forever!

God of evening's peaceful ray,
God of every dawning day
Rising from the distant sea,
Breathing of eternity, —
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night:
God of life, that fade shall never,
Glory to thy name forever!

James Hogg.

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29. OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
In the highest heaven adored,
Dwelling with the loving heart,
Truly thou our Father art.
From thy love our spirits came:
Father, hallowed be thy name!

In our spirits may we feel
Filial love, thy Spirit's seal:
Then, in all our want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same, —
"Father, hallowed be thy name!"

Living near to thee alway,
Thy command may we obey;
Gladly by thy hand be led;
Seek from thee our daily bread;
While our daily prayer we frame, —
"Father, hallowed be thy name!"

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30. GOD IS LOVE, AND LOVE ALONE.

LORD and Father, great and holy,
Fearing nought, we come to thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly;
For thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus, —
"Thou art love, and love alone."

Though the worlds in flame should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in thee our hearts should cherish;
Thou to us be all in all.

And, though heaven thy name is praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the strain our hearts are raising, —
"Thou art love, and love alone!"

F. W. Farrar.

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31. FOUNTAIN OF DIVINE LOVE.

LET us sing the praise of Love!
Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
Bringing on its blessed wings
Life to all created things.
Wheresoe'er its light is shed,
Sorrow lifts its drooping head;
And the tears of grief that start
Turn to sunshine in the heart.
Love Divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love,
Everywhere, — around, above;
Watching with its starry eyes
From the blue of boundless skies;
Heeding when the lowly call;
Mindful of a sparrow's fall;
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,
"God is love, and love is God."

Love Divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love,
Fairest of all things above:
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!
And, when words are all too weak,
How its deeds of mercy speak!
They who learn to love aright
Pass from darkness into light.
Love Divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love!
Shepherd of the lambs above,
Nothing can forbid that we
Come in trusting love to thee.
Fold us closely to thy heart;
Make us of thyself a part:
All the heaven our souls have known
We have found in thee alone.
Love Divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine;
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

Manual of A. J. Davis.

32. THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime, adored
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord;

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, — that thou art good,
And that myself am blind, —

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see:
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee — whose temple is all space;
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies —
One chorus let all beings raise,
All Nature's incense rise!

Pope.

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33. EVENING PRAYER.

BEFORE I close my eyes to-night,
Let me myself these questions ask:
Have I endeavored to do right,
Nor thought my duty was a task?

Have I been gentle, lowly, meek,
And the small voice of conscience heard?
When passion tempted me to speak,
Have I repressed the angry word?

Have I with cheerful zeal obeyed
What my kind parents bade me do,
And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true?

In hard temptation's troubled hour,
  Then have I stopped to think, and pray
That God would give my soul the power
  To chase the sinful thought away?

O Thou who seest all my heart!
  Wilt thou forgive, and love me still?
Wilt thou to me new strength impart,
  And make me love to do thy will?

Mrs. Follen.

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34. THE DAY AND THE NIGHT ARE THINE.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining.
  Father in heaven! the day is declining:
Thine is the darkness, as thine is the light:
We trust thee by day, and we trust thee by night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield us from danger, and guard us from crime.
  Father of mercy, oh! hear thou our prayer.

Father in heaven, oh! hear when we call,
Thou the Protector and Saviour of all.
Fainting and feeble, we trust in thy might:
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light!

Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,
And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.
Father of mercies, oh! hear thou our prayer.

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35. AN EVENING SONG.

LORD, a happy child of thine,
Patient through the love of thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks in liberty.

Leaning on thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright:
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Father, Guardian true!
All my life is thine to keep:
At thy feet my work I do;
In thine arms I fall asleep.

Anna L. Waring.

36. REST.

THE daylight is fading o'er earth and o'er ocean;
The sun has gone down o'er the slumbering sea;
And now, in the hush of life's fitful commotion,
We lift our tired spirits, blest Father! to thee.

Oh! when our feet stumble upon the dark mountains,
Or sink in the stormy and treacherous wave,
Or seek in the desert in vain for the fountains,
Be near in the darkness to help and to save.

And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy guarding wing be stretched over our pillow,
And shield us from evil, though death watch our sleep.

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37. SONG OF THE NIGHT.

FATHER supreme, thou high and holy One!
To thee we bow,
Now, when the burden of the day is gone,—
Devoutly now.

From age to age unchanging, still the same,
All good thou art:
Hallowed forever be thy reverend name
In every heart!

When the glad morn upon the hills was spread,
Thy smile was there:
Now, as the darkness gathers overhead,
We feel thy care.

Night spreads her shade upon another day
Forever past:
So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distrest,
Now sweetly steal:
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

Thou, through the dark, wilt watch above our sleep
With eye of love;
And thou wilt wake us when the sunbeams leap
The hills above.

Oh! may each heart its gratitude express
As life expands,
And find the triumph of its happiness
In thy commands!

38. VESPER HYMN.

NOW, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story,—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

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39. UPWARD.

UPWARD, where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent, in their turning
Round the never-changing pole;
Upward, where the sky is brightest;
Upward, where the blue is lightest,—
Lift I now my longing soul.

Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond those clouds of sadness,
  Are the many mansions fair:
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
  I would find my mansion there.

Where the glory brightly dwelleth;
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
  And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving, —
  That must be the home of homes.

Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
  Lay we at His blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render:
Loud shall be our voices yonder
  When before his throne we meet.

Rev. H. Bonar.

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40. A CHILD'S HYMN.

JESUS, gentle shepherd, lead me
  To the stream that softly flows;
In thy pastures guide and feed me,
  Where each lamb thy calling knows.

There no evil thing can find me;
I may lie upon thy breast:
There no crooked paths shall wind me;
All shall lead to peace and rest.

Jesus, gentle shepherd, hear me;
Come and call me one of thine:
Let me walk henceforth so near thee,
All thy footsteps shall be mine.

Agatha Ernest.

TRUST.

1. THE LOVE OF GOD.

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never been;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and tender green;
The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant song,
And the nightingale shall cease to chant the evening long;
The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that kills,
And all the fair white flocks shall perish from the hills;
The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the fox,
The wild boar of the wood and the chamois of the rocks,

And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden
dust shall lie;
And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty
whale, shall die.
And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be no
more;
And they shall bow to death who ruled from
shore to shore;
And the great globe itself, so the holy writings
tell,
With the rolling firmament, where the starry
armies dwell,
Shall melt with fervent heat: they shall all pass
away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last
for aye.

W. C. Bryant (*from the Spanish*).

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2. TRUSTING LOVE.

CHILDREN of heaven, love ye the merciful
Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, as not from
fear, but affection:
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that
loveth is willing.
Perfect was before God, and perfect is love, and
love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest? then lovest
thou likewise thy brethren.

Bears not each human figure the Godlike stamp
on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he
not sailing,
Lost like thyself, on an ocean unknown? and is
he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldest
thou hate, then, thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stam-
mer one letter
Of the Eternal's language: on earth it is called
forgiveness.
Knowest thou Him who forgave with the crown
of thorns round his temples;
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers?
Say, dost thou know him?
Ah! thou confessest his name: so follow likewise
his example.
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over
his failings;
Guide the erring aright: for the good, the heav-
enly Shepherd
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back
to its mother.
This is the fruit of love; and it is by its fruits
that we know it.

Tegnèr (trans. by Longfellow).

3. THE GUIDES.

TAKE ye henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, gem of your childhood.
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed;
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily: on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety: she heedeth them not; in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men in the desert:
Angels descend and minister to her; she herself knoweth
Nought of her glorious attendance, but follows faithful and humble, —
Follows as long as she may her friend. Oh! do not reject her;
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.

Tegnèr (trans. by Longfellow).

4. PATIENCE.

THE night is mother of the day;
The winter, of the spring;
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

J. G. Whittier.

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5. SONG OF FAITH.

THE day is quenched, and the sun is fled:
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead:
God has forgotten the world!

Day will return with a fresher boon:
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon:
God will remember the world!

Evil is only the slave of good;
Sorrow, the servant of joy;
And the soul is mad that refuses food
Of the meanest in God's employ.

The fountain of joy is fed by tears,
And love is lit by the breath of sighs:
The deepest griefs and the wildest fears
Have holiest ministries.

Strong grows the oak in the sweeping storm;
Safely the flower sleeps under the snow;
And the farmer's hearth is never warm
Till the cold wind starts to blow.

Day will return with a fresher boon:
God will remember the world!
Night will come with a newer moon:
God will remember the world!

J. G. Holland.

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6. SONG OF CONFIDENCE.

FOR summer's bloom and autumn's blight,
For bending wheat and blasted maize,
For health and sickness, Lord of light
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

We trace to thee our joys and woes,
To thee of causes still the Cause:
We thank thee that thy hand bestows,
We bless thee that thy love withdraws.

We bring no sorrows to thy throne;
We come to thee with no complaint:
In providence thy will is done;
And that is sacred to the saint.

Through every blessed day and night
We raise to thee our grateful voice:
For what thou doest, Lord, is right;
And, thus believing, we rejoice.

J. G. Holland.

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7. SONG OF TRUST.

LIFE evermore is fed by death
In earth and sea and sky;
And, that a rose breathe its breath,
Something must die.

The oak-tree, struggling with the blast,
Devours its father-tree,
And sheds its leaves, and drops its mast,
That more may be.

The milk-white heifer's life must pass
That it may fill your own,
As passed the sweet life of the grass
She fed upon.

From lowly woe springs lordly joy;
From humbler good, diviner:
The greater life must aye destroy
And drink the minor.

For angels wait on Providence,
And mark the sundered places,
To graft with gentlest instruments
The heavenly graces.

J. G. Holland.

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8. SONG OF FORTUNE.

TURN, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, or cloud:
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down:
Our hoard is little; but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands:
For man is man, and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd:
Thy wheel and thou are shadows of the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Alfred Tennyson.

9. THE LITTLE TREE.

A LITTLE tree stood up in the wood
In bright and dirty weather;
And nothing but needles it had for leaves
From top to bottom together.
The needles stuck about,
And the little tree spoke out: —

"My companions all have leaves
Beautiful to see:
While I've nothing but these needles;
No one touches me.
Might I have my fortune told,
All my leaves should be pure gold."

The little tree's asleep by dark,
Awake by earliest light;
And now its golden leaves you mark:
There was a sight!
The little tree says, "Now I'm set high:
No tree in the wood has gold leaves but I."

But now again the night came back:
Through the forest there walked a Jew,
With great thick beard and great thick sack,
And soon the gold leaves did view.
He pockets them all, and away does fare,
Leaving the little tree quite bare.

The little tree speaks up distressed, —
"Those golden leaves how I lament!
I'm quite ashamed before the rest,
Such lovely dress to them is lent.
Might I bring one more wish to pass,
I would have my leaves of the clearest glass."

The little tree sleeps again at dark,
And wakes with the early light.
And now its glass leaves you may mark:
There was a sight!
The little tree says, "Now I'm right glad:
No tree in the wood is as brightly clad."

There came up now a mighty blast,
And a furious gale it blew;
It swept among the trees full fast,
And on the glass leaves it flew:
There lay the leaves of glass
All shivered on the grass!

The little tree complains, —
"My glass lies on the ground:
Each other tree remains
With its green dress all sound.
Might I but have my wish once more,
I would have of those good green leaves good store."

Again asleep is the little tree,
And early wakes to the light:
He is covered with green leaves fair to see;
He laughs outright,

And says, "I am now all nicely dressed,
Nor need be ashamed before the rest."

And now, with udders full,
  Forth a wild she-goat sprung,
Seeking for herbs to pull,
  To feed her young.
She sees the leaves, nor makes much talk,
But strips all clear to the very stalk!

The little tree again is bare,
  And thus to himself he said:
"No longer for any leaves I care,
  Whether green or yellow or red.
If I had but my needles again,
I would nevermore scold or complain."

The little tree slept sad that night,
  And sadly opened his eye:
He sees himself in the sun's first light,
  And laughs as he would die.
And all the trees in a roar burst out;
But the little tree little cared for their shout.

What made the little tree laugh like mad?
  And what set the rest in a roar?
In a single night, soon back he had
  Every needle he had before!
And everybody may see them such:
Go out and look; but do not touch.
    Why not, I pray?
    They prick, some say.

N. L. Frothingham (from the German of Rückert).

10. A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance, upon some bleak and frozen shore.
O doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease
The balmy southern breeze
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
O doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid his rays
These many days:
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
O doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky
That soon (for Spring is nigh)
Shall wake the Summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
O doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast;
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

Adelaide A. Procter.

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11. THANKFULNESS.

I THANK thee, O my God! who made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That, in the darkest spot on earth,
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;

That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see gleaming on high
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store:
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more, —
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter.

12. ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are lent thee here below:
Take them readily when given;
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee:
Do not fear an armèd band;
One will fade as others greet thee, —
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain:
God will help thee for to-morrow;
To each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Adelaide A. Procter.

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13. THE ARK AND DOVE.

THERE was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark,
And wild around:
Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green;
All, all, was drowned.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew;
But, on that shoreless tide,
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest.
God is thy ark, my love:
Thou art the tender dove;
Fly to his breast.

Mrs. Sigourney.

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14. GLADNESS.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale;
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
There's a titter of wind in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced Sun! how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles!
Ay, look! and he'll smile thy gloom away.

W. C. Bryant.

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15. THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.

THROUGH all the busy daylight, through all the quiet night,
Whether the stars are in the sky or the sun is shining bright,
In the nursery, in the parlor, in the street, or on the stair,
Though I may seem to be alone, yet God is always there.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see him not,
Yet God sees me.

He knows each word I mean to speak before the word is spoken;
He knows the thoughts within my heart, although I give no token:
When I am naughty, then I grieve my heavenly Father's love;
And, every time I really try, he helps me from above.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see him not,
Yet God sees me.

I have kind and tender parents; I have many loving friends:
But none love me as God loves me; and all that's good he sends:
I will walk as God shall lead me, while the sun is in the sky;
And lay me down, and sleep in peace beneath his watchful eye.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see him not,
Yet God sees me.

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

16. GOD'S LOVE IN THE FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil;
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall;
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night, —

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not:
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man; to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim:
For He that careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

Mary Howitt.

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17. MINISTERING SPIRITS.

WHY come not spirits from the realms of glory
To visit earth as in the days of old, —
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?
Is heaven more distant? or has earth grown cold?

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
When other stars before the One grew dim?
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now;
And many a tear from human eyes has started
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

No: earth has angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below:

Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
Theirs were the soft tone and the soundless tread:
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubted not: for spirits know their kindred;
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth;
And, where they passed, the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

Oh! many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

The Disciples' Hymn-book.

18. CONTENTMENT.

MY mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That world affords, or grows by kind:
Though much I want what most men have,
Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live: this is my stay, —
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway :
Look! what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers oft do fall;
I see how those that sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
They get, they toil, they spend with care;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's pain.
I fear no foe, I scorn no friend,
I dread no death, I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich, with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I wish not what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And laugh at those that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.
This is my choice; for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

Ancient Songs.

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19. PEACE.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles;
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.

He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst but get thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes, —
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure!

Henry Vaughan.

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20. THE ANGELS' GREETING.

"Hark! they whisper! angels say,
'Sister spirit, come away!'" — *Pope.*

COME to the land of peace;
Come where the tempest hath no longer sway,
The shadow passes from the soul away,
The sounds of weeping cease.

Fear hath no dwelling there.
Come to the mingling of repose and love,
Breathed by the silent spirit of the dove
Through the celestial air.

Come to the bright and blest ;
And crowned forever 'midst that shining band,
Gathered to heaven's own wreath from every land,
Thy spirit shall find rest.

Thou hast been long alone.
Come to thy mother: on the sabbath-shore,
The heart that rocked thy childhood, back once more
Shall take its wearied one.

In silence wert thou left.
Come to thy sisters: joyously again,
All the home-voices, blent in one sweet strain,
Shall greet their long bereft.

Over thine orphan-head
The storm hath swept as o'er a willow's bough.
Come to thy father: it is finished now ;
Thy tears have all been shed.

In thy divine abode,
Change finds no pathway, memory no dark trace,
And, O bright victory! death by love no place.
Come, spirit, to thy God!

Mrs. Hemans.

21. THE BETTER LAND.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother, oh! where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand:
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"

Mrs. Hemans.

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22. WE SCATTER SEEDS.

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we shall ne'er see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past:
But they shall last;
In the dread judgment, they
And we shall meet.

Lyra Innocentiam.

23. SHATTERED IDOLS.

O SHATTERED idols, framed of fragile glass,
We thought were jewels! Yet the day may come
When every fragment which lies shattered now
May turn to sapphires in the land of rest.
We raise a palace through a waste of years,
And think its walls are crystal in the sun
Of this world's glory, flashing for an hour:
We look again, and see it was but ice
Which we have lived in, thawing fast away;
At every burning grasp it melts the more.
Blessed be he who leaves the treacherous hope,
And into heavenly crystal turns the thaw!

Monro.

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24. THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

FAINTLY flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down to ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm unruffled way:
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light are wafted thither,
Then, like visions, hurry by
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west;
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

Percival.

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25. CONTENTMENT.

THINK'ST thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee
On thymy bank or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry
Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain, forced to turn
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,
Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturbed, and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold
  Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
  Of treasure in the skies?

Mrs. Sigourney.

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26. SOME MURMUR.

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
  And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
  In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thoughtful love are filled
  If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
  The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask
  In discontent and pride
Why life is such a dreary task,
  And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
  How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
  Such rich provision made.

Trench.

27. THOU CAM'ST NOT.

THOU cam'st not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee:
And, shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent.
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hinderance or impediment;
For presently this hinderance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that virtue never could grow strong:
And wouldst thou do one duty to his mind,
The Imposer's, ever-burdened, thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

Trench.

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28. PASSING AWAY.

THE snow-flake that glances at morn on Kailassa,
Dissolved by the sunbeam, descends to the plain;
There mingling with Ganges, it flows to the ocean,
And, lost in its waters, returns not again.

On the rose-leaf at sunrise bright glistens the dewdrop,
That, in vapor exhaled, falls in nourishing rain;
Then in rills back to Ganges, through green fields, meanders,
Till onward it glides to the ocean again.

A snow-flake still whitens the peak of Kailassa;
But the snow-flake of yesterday flows to the main:
At dawning a dew-drop still hangs on the rose-leaf;
But the dew-drop of yesterday comes not again.

The soul that is freed from the bondage of Nature
Escapes from illusion of joy and of pain;
And, pure as the flame that is lost in the sunbeam,
Ascends unto God, and returns not again:
It comes not, and goes not, and comes not again.

Eastern Poem.

PART II.

THE GOOD LIFE.

RULES FOR THE GOOD LIFE.

Let us now repeat together the Rules of the Good Life.

1. To revere God and his purposes with a filial trust.
2. To love God, the heavenly Father, with filial love.
3. To love man, the child of God, with brotherly affection.
4. To study the works of God, desiring to discover their beauties.
5. To make duty, or the will of God, our first object, and the only title to happiness.
6. To delay and neglect nothing that we ought to do.
7. To keep our bodies clean, our clothes tidy, things about us in order, our appearance simple and neat.

8. To keep our blood pure by exercise in the open air; since, by means of the air, we live.

9. To avoid too much eating and drinking, too much pleasure and excitement, and every thing that is excess.

10. To be kind to all, willing to please and to be pleased; not out of good nature only, but from a sense of duty.

11. To avoid slander, gossip, and foolish talking, as unworthy of creatures whom God has made, and placed in so fair a world.

12. To set examples of perfect truthfulness in word and deed.

13. To be large-hearted; trying at all times to think and do generous and noble things, without being afraid of rebuke or ridicule.

14. To be modest, and willing to submit to correction and censure.

15. To inflict no pain on any creature for the sake of a pleasure.

16. To shrink from no pain which it is needful that we should bear.

17. To help the weak, teach the simple, cheer the sad, visit the sick, encourage the hopeless, bear with the dull, excuse the ignorant, forgive the erring, and pray for the wicked.

18. To cultivate and encourage the free spirit of inquiry, to censure narrowness of mind, to struggle against prejudice, to cherish the disposition to believe in new truths, and to give welcome to thoughts not known before.

19. To respect the rights of others; to regard the happiness of others as equally important with our own; and to feel in our hearts the desire and the purpose that all people, so far as we know them or can serve them, may have all the opportunities, privileges, and enjoyments they are able to receive.

20. To look up with admiration to all men and women who lead noble lives, though they may be misunderstood and hated; to honor those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake or for truth's sake; and to revere especially those who stand alone, with the rich and the great and the fashionable against them; never to speak evil of such as are disliked and despised, and never to take the part of the strong against the weak.

21. To keep before the mind the images of great and good men and women who have lived and died for their fellow-creatures, and especially to keep in view the character and example of Jesus.

22. To keep before the mind the hope of our immortality, and the faith in our perfect happiness at last.

23. To keep before the mind the belief in our power to improve ourselves in every way, to soften our manners, tame our passions, curb our tempers, and grow more and more in loveliness.

24. To keep before our minds the truth that the child is father to the man, and that we

cannot hope to be good men or good women unless we are good boys and good girls.

25. Never to forget that good habits are more easily formed in childhood than in manhood or womanhood, and that the proper time to begin to form them is the present moment.

26. To be patient and steadfast in cultivating holy desires, the spirit and the habit of prayer; lifting the heart to the Father, and imploring his help, in full faith that there is no real strength but that which comes from the Source of all good.

PUNISHMENTS.

Questions and Answers.

CAN you tell me what punishment is?

Punishment is pain inflicted on wrong-doing.

Is all pain punishment?

Yes; for, if there were no wrong-doing, there would be no pain. There must be violation of law before there can be suffering.

Is all punishment pain?

Not all; for sometimes, when the punishment for wrong-doing is most terrible, it is not felt: the very power to feel is taken away. One may do wrong so much, that he does not know at last

whether he does wrong or not. Then he does not suffer; but his punishment is worse than if he did.

Is he happy, then, because he does not suffer?

He may be happy as evil spirits are happy, but not with the sweet happiness of those, who, in loving God, enjoy his love.

Who punishes us when we do wrong?

God; who has so made us, that we must suffer whenever we break his laws.

Does God like to make us suffer?

Oh, no! He makes us suffer in order that we may escape worse suffering. Pain is a kindly warning not to disobey.

God, then, punishes his children because he loves them?

Yes: he is not angry with us when we do ill, but only anxious that we shall do well.

Will pain follow wrong-doing as long as we live?

Even after death, in another world, pain will follow disobedience till disobedience ends. When we do the will of God wholly, we shall be happy.

Is it certain that nobody can escape punishment for wrong-doing?

We feel that it is certain. We believe that no one ever did wrong without being the worse for it. But now we wish to ask you some questions in our turn. We should like to learn how people are punished for particular sins.

Will you tell us, then, what is the punishment for neglect of duty?

The punishment for neglect of duty is, that by and by you cease to love duty, then to care for it, then to know what it is. When you no longer respect duty, you no longer respect yourself. You become weak and foolish, and fond of silly pleasures that do nothing but harm.

What is the punishment of uncleanliness?

The punishment of uncleanliness is loss of health, loss of beauty, loss of attractiveness, and the dislike of those who might love you.

What is the punishment of neglecting air and exercise?

It is weakness, dulness, loss of vigor, lowness of spirits, and ill health.

What is the punishment for putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day?

It is an increase of work and trouble; vexation; loss of time and opportunity; mortification; the displeasure of those whom we disappoint, annoy, and perhaps distress; and, at last, great weakness and sorrow.

What is the punishment for over eating and drinking?

It is headache, dyspepsia, heart-burn, dulness of brain, stupidity of feeling and purpose, laziness; in the end, perhaps, violent pain from sickness, with little pity to soothe it; possibly early death; always the mortification of your friends: every body despises the glutton, and loathes the drunkard.

What is the punishment for unkind and ungentle manners?

It is the dislike of your companions, ill-will, resentment, a bad reputation in society, and sometimes an unkind disposition. They whose manners are unkind will be thought unkind, and may really become so.

What is the punishment for fault-finding?

It is censure from everybody; it is general distrust and hate; it is loss of power to see the amiable qualities in people, and the loss of power to make them see your own; it is an unamiable temper and a bad heart.

What is the punishment for untruthfulness?

It is distrust, suspicion, alienation, shame, and disgrace. The liar is always abhorred. He who lies in order to make others believe what is not true finds in a little while that people suspect him of lying even when he tells them what is true. He may at last lose the power to know what is true from what is false.

What is the punishment for selfishness?

It is being left alone with one's self.

What is the punishment for carelessness of the opinions of those about us?

It is a surly temper and social ill-will.

What is the punishment for shrinking from necessary pain?

It is the increase of the pain, timidity, weakness, and regret. Every pain avoided is a worse pain incurred.

What is the punishment for neglecting those who need our aid, — the poor, the sick, the sad?

It is cold-heartedness and neglect when we ourselves may be sad, sick, or poor.

What is the punishment for meanness?

More meanness, and the contempt of all who know what generosity is. The mean man loses one of the keenest joys of existence, — the joy of making others happy by his gifts.

What is the punishment for malicious teasing?

The hatred of those you tease.

What is the punishment for telling a secret?

Loss of confidence on the part of those who have secrets to confide.

What is the punishment for neglect to cultivate a love of the beautiful?

Loss of the joy and spirit that beauty imparts.

What is the punishment for irreverence?

Insensibility to the worth of holy and divine things; want of seriousness in character; coarseness of mind, and hardness of feeling; a trifling and flippant heart.

What is the punishment for neglecting studies?

Ignorance and incapacity.

What is the punishment for avoiding society?

Loneliness, shyness, sadness; want of power to converse or sympathize with others; poverty of thought and feeling.

What is the punishment for neglecting worship?

It is that the great object of worship disappears,

and we are left alone, without the feeling of a God above us, a spirit within us, or a heaven beyond.

What is the punishment for disobeying the voice of conscience?

It is that conscience dies, the sense of evil is lost, and the power of distinguishing evil from good is taken away.

What is the punishment for indulging in profane or impure words or thoughts?

It is that the heart becomes unclean, and loves unclean things. The impure in heart will be impure in life; and they who take the Holy Name in vain will be in danger of going without help from the Holy Spirit.

What is the punishment for neglecting to learn God's will as taught in the Scriptures, in all holy books, and in the lessons of Providence?

It is that God's will is not known; and, when God's will is not known, it cannot be loved or obeyed. Then self-will and passion rule us. The greatest of all duties is to study God's will wherever it may be found, but chiefly where it is written the most clearly, — in the words of the New Testament.

REWARDS.

Children ask Teacher.

WHAT is reward?

Reward is the pleasure that goes with doing well.

Is all pleasure reward?

All healthy pleasure is reward. Happiness is reward, joy is reward, and goodness is the best reward.

Is all reward pleasure?

Yes: it is. We do not always feel punishment; but we do always feel reward. God never lets us miss a feeling of joy.

Is goodness always rewarded?

Always; and the reward is great in proportion to the goodness. The best people have the most joy.

But we have often been unhappy because we were good; because we told the truth, or refused to play truant, or would not do mischief with our companions, or would not hide a fault.

Yes; but, if you were really good, you must have felt a joy in being good, much greater than any pleasure you might have had from not being good, — the joy of a good conscience and a pure heart.

But will you tell us what rewards we may

expect for different kinds of goodness? What reward may we look for if we worship God, and trust him?

You will feel that God is your friend, near you always, caring for you, protecting you in trouble and in temptation.

What will be our reward if we cultivate a love of the beautiful?

You will see beauty wherever you are; you will love it more and more, and it will be a great delight to you.

What will be our reward if we make duty our first object?

You will respect yourselves, and you will be respected by others; you will be strong and cheerful; you will be spared disappointment and reproach.

What will be our reward if we are clean and neat in our persons and clothes?

You will do much towards keeping well, and making yourselves attractive to those about you.

What will be our reward if we are temperate in eating and drinking?

You will be strong, active, cheerful. You will be likely to lead a longer, happier, and more useful life.

What will be our reward if we are hearty and kind in our manners?

You will receive kindness in return; you will make people happy about you; you will be like sunshine and fresh air at home and in society;

you will create good-will, and you will have a peaceful heart.

What will be our reward if we are thoughtful and gentle in our judgments of others; if we speak no ill, are not slanderers or fault-finders?

You will know that you have, or deserve to have, no enemies. You will be innocent of hatreds and quarrels. The good will love you; the bad will be grateful to you for seeing some thing in them that is good. You will correct a good deal of injustice, and will save many people from abuse and shame.

What will be our reward if we are true in word and deed?

If you are wisely and lovingly true, true in the spirit of charity, you will certainly be trusted, honored, beloved, by all people. Nothing is so much respected, and by so many, as truth. Truth makes amends for want of beauty, want of talent, want of personal charm; it gives interest to the uninteresting; it makes the simple delightful; and it fills the heart with an innocent gladness which no words will express.

What will be our reward if we give up every kind of pleasure that causes pain either to our fellow-creatures or to animals?

You will enjoy the great satisfaction of never causing pain. Your pleasures will bring no sting with them, and leave no sting behind. Your fellow-creatures will think of you sweetly, and you will be able to enjoy the greatest pleasures most.

What will be our reward, if for duty, for truth, for love, for kindness, we meet danger, endure pain, bear misunderstanding and slander?

You will have the reward that nobleness always brings; namely, nobleness,—the best reward there is or can be. You will be respected, loved, honored; but, more than this, you will respect yourself, and you will feel that all the noble, the high-minded, the true-hearted, are your friends. By bearing pain for yourself, you become brave to bear more pain; by bearing pain for others, you fulfil the Golden Rule in the very best way.

What will be our reward if we are open-minded, willing to receive new opinions, and ready to accept new truths?

You will receive new truths. Your minds will become large, generous, sincere. You will even be much happier for your trust in the Great Wisdom that never leaves the sincere heart alone in the dark.

What will be our reward if we stand up bravely for the equal rights of all people just because they are our fellow-creatures,—for the sake of justice?

You will have the respect of all who do the same; you will be a terror to those who are unjust; and you will get the gratitude of the little and the weak and the abused whom you try to help.

What will be our reward if we cultivate good habits while we are young?

You will be good men and women by and by.

What will be our reward if we listen to the teaching of the wise, and try to live by it?

You will get wisdom, and wisdom will be power and peace to you.

LESSONS IN THE GOOD LIFE.

I.

MY child, if thou come to serve the Lord, prepare thyself for discipline.

Let me set my heart aright, and constantly endure, and not be fretful in time of trouble.

Cleave unto him, and never leave him, and thou shalt be always the richer.

Whatsoever is brought upon us may we take cheerfully, and be patient when we are made to suffer.

For gold is tried in the fire; and good men, in the fires of adversity.

We will believe in God, and he will help us; we will order our ways aright, and trust in him.

Ye that trust the Lord, wait for his mercy; and go not aside, lest ye fall.

We will trust the Lord and believe him, that our reward may not fail.

Ye that trust the Lord, hope for good, and for everlasting joy and mercy.

Did ever any trust in the Lord, and was confounded? or did any abide in him, and was forsaken? or who was ever despised that called on him?

The Lord is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of sorrow.

Woe be to fearful hearts and faint hands!

Woe be to us if we are faint-hearted and believe not!

They that trust the Lord will not disobey him, and they that love him will keep his ways.

They that trust the Lord will try to do that which pleases him, and they that love him will be kept by his truth.

II.

HEAR me, O children! and do as I advise you, that ye may be safe.

Tell us, thy children, what thou wouldst have us to do.

Seek not death by an evil life, and bring not ruin on yourselves by your own foolishness.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: only the foolish despise instruction.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding:

The merchandise of it is better than the mer-

chandise of silver; and the gain of it, than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies; and all the things that can be desired are not to be compared to her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand, riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold on her; and happy is every one that keepeth her.

Wisdom is a loving spirit; it fills the world; it looks into the heart, and knows the unspoken thought.

Therefore we will beware of murmuring, and keep from slander, and abstain from lying.

The hope of the foolish is like dust, that is blown away by the wind.

It is like a thin frost, that is driven away by the storm.

It is like smoke, that is scattered by a tempest.

It is like the remembrance of a stranger who passes us in the street.

Beauty and pride and riches and pleasures pass away like shadows on the ground;

Like ships, that leave no trace of their keel in the waters of the sea;

Like birds flying through the air, that leave no mark of their wings behind them;

Like arrows, that cut the air, which comes together again, and shows no sign of their flight.

The good live forevermore. The Most High cares for them;

His right arm shall cover them; and from the Lord's hand they shall receive a beautiful crown.

Wisdom is easily seen by them that love her, and found by them that seek her.

To them that desire her, she makes herself known first.

They that seek her early find her sitting at their doors.

She goes about seeking for those that are worthy of her. She meets them kindly in the street; she comes to them in every thought.

The beginning of wisdom is the desire for goodness; and the root of goodness is love.

Love keeps her laws; and to keep her laws is to be immortal.

Wisdom is kind, steadfast, sure, free from care, powerful, and all-seeing.

She is the breath of the power of God, a pure influence from the Almighty.

In all ages, entering into pure hearts, she makes them friends of God and children.

For God loveth all who dwell with wisdom.

She is more beautiful than the sun, and brighter than all the stars; she is sweeter than the light of day.

For after this cometh night; but no night comes to wisdom.

III.

HEAR me, O children! Honor your father and your mother; for the Lord hath given the father honor among his children, and hath bestowed authority on the mother over her sons.

He that honoreth his father, and is a comfort to his mother, is obedient to the Lord.

Honor thy father and mother both in word and in deed, that a blessing may come upon thee from them.

For the father's blessing is a safeguard; but the mother's curse is a plague.

My children, help your father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he lives.

To relieve our father will never be forgotten.

If his understanding fail, be patient with him; and despise him not in his weakness.

In helping our father, we build ourselves up in virtue, and in the respect and love of all parents and children.

My child, defraud not the poor of his living, and make not the needy to wait long.

We will not make the hungry ones sorrowful, nor will we provoke those that are sad.

Add not more trouble to a heart that is vexed, and refuse not aid to one that is in need.

We will not reject the prayer of the afflicted, nor turn away from the poor.

Turn not away your eyes from the needy, and give him no occasion to curse you;

For, if he curse us in the bitterness of his heart, his prayer will be heard by Him who made us both.

Be willing to listen to the poor, and to give him a kind and friendly answer.

May we be ready to defend those who are wronged or oppressed! and may we be brave in protecting the weak!

Beware of evil, and never be ashamed of your truth or virtue;

For there is a shame that is sinful, and there is a shame that is beautiful and good.

Accept no person against your soul.

May not any reverence for men cause us to fall!

Never hesitate to speak when it will do good, nor let the beauty of your truth be hidden;

For, by speech, truth is known, and knowledge imparted.

Never, on any account, speak what is not true.

May we be ashamed if we do not know what the truth is!

Be willing to confess mistakes and ignorance.

May we ever be straightforward in word and in thought!

Let not foolish people be your masters.

The mighty shall not make us slaves.

Be not quick in words, and slack in deeds. Be not harsh with those that serve you.

May we be patient and gentle with all! May our lives be sincere!

Do not open your hand when there is any thing to get, and shut it when there is something to give.

May we not think too much of the fine things that we possess!

Strive for the truth to the death,
And the Lord will fight for us.

IV.

CAST your bread upon the waters,
And we shall find it after many days.
Give a portion to seven, and even to eight.
We know not what evil shall be upon earth.
He that mindeth the wind will never sow;
He that watcheth the clouds will never reap.

In the morning sow your seed; in the evening still continue to scatter it.

For we know not which shall be fruitful, or whether both may not be.

Sweet is the light of morning, and pleasant to the eye the sight of day;

But if we live many years, and are happy in them all, we must not forget the dark days that may come.

Rejoice, O children! in your youth, and let your hearts be merry in the days of your youth; have happy thoughts, and enjoy the pleasures that you possess.

But may we remember that we must use all these things aright!

Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the sad days come,

And the years in which we can have no pleasure;

Before the sun and the moon and the stars are darkened,

And the rain-clouds never clear away;

When the strong limbs tremble from weakness,

And the eyes through dimness are darkened;

When the mouth opens not for eating or for speech,

And the note of the early bird breaks the slumber, and the music of the human voice is unheard;

When there is constant fear of stumbling, and falling in the common way;

When the most delicate fruit is not relished, and the taste for food is gone:

Because the old man is going to his long home, and sadness is gathering about him.

For the silver cord which holds life's lamp suspended shall be snapped,

And the golden bowl of the lamp shall be broken,

And the bucket shall be broken at the fountain,

And the wheel shall be broken at the well,

And the dust shall return to the dust as it was;

But the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

Fear God, therefore, and keep his commandments;

For this is the duty of all.

V.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit;
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn;
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek;
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful;
For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart;
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers;
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

It was said to the men of the olden time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.

But the voice of Jesus says to us, Whosoever is angry with his brother, without cause, shall be in danger of the judgment.

The men of the olden time were told that they should not perjure themselves, but should perform whatever they had sworn.

But the Great Teacher says to us, Swear not

at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: but let your simple "Yes" and "No" be sufficient.

The men of the olden time were taught to exact an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;

But the Master says to us, Return not evil for evil; but, if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

In the olden time it was taught, that, if men loved their neighbors, they might hate their enemies.

A holier Spirit has taught us to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, to pray for them that abuse us and persecute us; that we may be the children of our heavenly Father: for he makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain for the just and for the unjust.

If ye love them that love you, what merit is there?

None; for wicked people do as much as that.

And, if you are kind to your kindred only, do you do any thing worthy of praise?

No; for wicked people may be good enough for that. We are bidden to be perfect in the same way that God is perfect.

VI.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break in and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break in and steal.

Where the treasure is, there the heart is also.

The light of the body is the eye: if thine eye be clear, thy whole body will be full of light; but, if thine eye be diseased, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.

If the inward light be darkness, how great will be that darkness!

No one can serve two masters: for either he will hate this one, and love that; or else he will hold to that one, and despise this.

We cannot serve God and Mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.

Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns:

Yet our heavenly Father feedeth them.

Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

Yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

If God so clothe the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,

Will he not much more clothe us?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? what shall we drink? wherewithal shall we be clothed?

Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,

And all these things shall be added unto us.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow will take thought for its own concerns.

Sufficient unto the day is the care thereof.

VII.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity,

I am as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I can remove mountains, — and have not charity,

I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity,

It profiteth me nothing.
Charity suffereth long, and is kind;
Charity envieth not;
Charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up;
Doth not behave itself unseemly;
Seeketh not her own;
Is not easily provoked;
Thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in inquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things.
Charity never faileth;
But prophecies shall fail,
Tongues shall cease,
Knowledge shall vanish away.
For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.
But, when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.
When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but, when I became a man, I put away childish things.
Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.
Now I know in part;
But then shall I know even as also I am known.
And now abide Faith, Hope, Charity, — these three;
But the greatest of these is Charity.

VIII.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral-marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead:
Act, act, in the living Present, —
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,—
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,—
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

IX.

EARNESTNESS.

HAST thou, 'midst Life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low, mysterious voices
Of another clime?

88 Early hath Life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What and where is Truth?

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end;

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit, which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of truth, assaileth
Every form of wrong.

J. G. Whittier.

X.

PATIENCE.

A PILGRIM bound to Mecca,
Quite away his sandals wore;
And on the desert's blistering sands
His feet were swollen and sore.

"To let me suffer thus," he cried,
"Is bitter and unjust,
While in God's service I endure
The painful heat and dust."

He murmured in unhappy tone,
And in this temper came
To where, around the holy stone,
Knelt men of every name.

And there, with shame and pity,
He saw on the hot street
A pilgrim who had worn away
Not only shoes, but feet.

Alger's Oriental Poetry (*altered*).

XI.

THE SULTAN'S LESSON.

A SULTAN placed before his throne one day
Three vases, — one of gold, one amber, and one clay;
And, when his seal was set upon each urn,
His three sons, at his bidding, chose in turn.

Upon the golden vase, *Empire* was writ;
Resplendent jewels all around it stood:
The eldest grasped that vase and opened it,
But shrank to find it brimming full of blood.

Glory upon the amber vase shone bright;
Fresh wreaths of laurel twined the letters o'er:
The second seized it quick; but ah, sad sight!
'Twas filled with dust of heroes known no more.

No word was written on the vase of earth;
But still the youngest prince advanced his claim:
He oped the urn amid the courtiers' mirth,
And nought was in it save God's holy name.

The sultan to the throng of courtiers turned,
And asked which of the vases weighed the most.
Various the thoughts that in their bosoms burned,
And came to speech among the glittering host.

The warriors said, "The golden vase of might;"
The poets said, "The amber vase of fame;"
The sages said, "The vase emblem of Right,—
The globe is lighter than God's written name."

Then said the sultan, "Sons, remember well
The meaning of the lesson read to-day:
When the scales tremble betwixt heaven and hell,
The name of God will all the rest outweigh."

Alger's Oriental Poetry (altered).

XII.

THE BANNER AND THE CARPET.

THE royal banner bent his head,
And to the royal carpet said,
"In the palace at Bagdad,
Different duties we have had;
Different, too, is our reward.
Though servants both of one great lord,
I on marches, blown and torn,
Into the jaws of death am borne;

Thou, afar from dust and rains,
Afar from battles, rents, and stains,
In the palace art displayed,
Where prince and dame and beauteous maid
Bless with their dance thine every strand.
All the while some menial hand
Spreads me in the blast, or holds
High on a tower my flapping folds."
Out spake the carpet then, and said,
"Thou to heaven dost lift thy head;
I lie here beneath man's feet,
A slave to tread on and to beat;
Thou in battle's stormy night
Guidest heroes to the fight."

Alger's Oriental Poetry (*altered*).

XIII.

PARADISE.

THE nine high heavens hold eight Paradises.
"Where is the ninth one?" sayest thou? In thy breast.
None but the blessed dwell in the Paradises;
But blessedness itself dwells in the breast.
None but the creatures are in Paradises:
God, the Creator, nestles in the breast.
Rather, O man! want all eight Paradises
Than be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee, man, are all those Paradises,
If thou the ninth one hast within thy breast.

Alger's Oriental Poetry.

XIV.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure
You would now perchance disdain
Will come when your trial is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will come, with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow on its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you knew not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading;
Yet pray with hopeful tears.
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day:
Your eyes are too dim to see it;
Yet strive and wait and pray.

Adelaide A. Procter.

XV.

GIVE.

SEE the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free!
Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother-earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair Nature learn:
Give thy love, and ask not,
Wait not, a return.
And, the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty
God will give thee more.

Adelaide A. Procter.

XVI.

SOWING AND REAPING.

SOW with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not:
A table will be spread.
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread:
Sow while the earth is broken;
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow: while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,
They will stir in their quiet sleep,
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow; for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day:
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow: and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

Adelaide A. Procter.

XVII.

WORDS.

WORDS are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean-spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away.
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet, on the dull silence breaking
With a lightning-flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain;
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a dreary waste of years;
And it only shone the brighter,
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise, shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred —
Never, never more to slumber —
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air:
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there.
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day:
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it fade away.

Words are mighty, words are living, —
Serpents with their venomous stings;
Or bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings.

Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies:
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies.

Adelaide A. Procter.

XVIII.

WISHES.

ALL the fluttering wishes
Caged within thy heart
Beat their wings against it,
Longing to depart,
Till they shake their prison
With their wounded cry.
Open, then, thy heart to-day,
And let the captives fly.

Let them first fly upward
Through the starry air,
Till you almost lose them,
For their home is there;
Then, with outspread pinions
Circling round and round,
Wing their way wherever
Want and woe are found;

Where the weary stitcher
Toils for daily bread;
Where the lonely watcher
Watches by her dead;

Where, with thin, weak fingers
Toiling at the loom,
Stand the little children
Blighted ere they bloom;

Where, by darkness blinded,
Groping for the light,
With distorted conscience,
Men do wrong for right;
Where, in the cold shadow
By smooth pleasure thrown,
Human hearts by hundreds
Harden into stone;

Where on dusty highways,
With faint heart and slow,
Cursing the glad sunlight,
Hungry outcasts go;
Where all mirth is silenced,
And the hearth is chill,
For one place is empty,
And one voice is still.

Some hearts will be lighter,
While your captives roam,
For their tender singing:
Then recall them home.
When the sunny hours
Into night depart,
Softly they will nestle
In a quiet heart.

Adelaide A. Procter.

XIX.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

WHO'S the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.

Who's the darling little girl
Even Jesus Christ can love?
She it is, who, meek and good,
Daily grows like him above.

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

XX.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.
See the lily on its bed,
Hanging down its modest head,
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green!

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours
Than many other gayer flowers:
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet;
Be as gentle, be as mild;
Be a modest, humble child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize, —
Like a summer's flower it dies;
But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past:
And the Father from above
Views a humble child with love.

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

XXI.

THE BEGGAR.

A BEGGAR through the world am I;
From place to place I wander by:
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me,
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below,
And firm-set roots, unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still, through day and night,
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance,
And the strong tide of circumstance,
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,
That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,

Ready to be an angel bright,
O sweetly mournful pine!

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook;
That I may still be full of glee
And gladsomeness where'er I be,
Though fickle Fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me since I've been in the wood;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart.
But good-by, kind friends, every one;
I've far to go ere set of sun:
Of all good things I would have part.
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well, unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been:
Oh! give, to strengthen me.

J. R. Lowell.

XXII.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

TURN, turn the hasty foot aside,
Nor crush the helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive:
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

Gisborne.

XXIII.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries, —
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom:
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes.
The bee comes sipping every eventide
His dainty fill;
The butterfly within my cup doth hide
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast, —
"Not to myself alone I rise and set:
I write upon Night's coronal of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man may ne'er forget in every fate
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum, —
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come.
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if I repay my ceaseless toil
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings, —
"Not to myself alone I raise my song:
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mariner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way, —
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide:
I scatter health and life on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay;
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladsome tune;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In dusty June."

"Not to myself alone."
O man! forget not thou — Earth's honored priest,
Its tongue, its soul, its lip, its pulse, its heart —
In Earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at Life's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
And self disown;
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

XXIV.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

SUPPOSE a little twinkling star,
Away in yonder sky,
Should say, "What light can reach so far
From such a star as I?
Not many rays of mine so far
As yonder earth can fall:
The others so much brighter are,
I will not shine at all."

Suppose a bright-green leaf, that grows
Upon the rose-bush near,
Should say, "Because I'm not a rose,
I will not linger here;"
Or that a dew-drop, fresh and bright
Upon that fragrant flower,
Should say, "I'll vanish out of sight
Because I'm not a shower."

Suppose a little child should say,
"Because I'm not a man,
I will not try, in word or play,
To do what good I can."
Dear child, each star some light can give,
Though gleaming faintly there;
Each rose-leaf helps the plant to live;
Each dew-drop keeps it fair.

And our good Father who's in heaven,
And doth all creatures view,
To every little child has given
Some needful work to do.
Kind deeds towards those with whom you live,
Kind words and actions right,
Shall, 'mid the world's worst darkness, give
A little precious light.

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

XXV.

LITTLE DEEDS.

NOT mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below;
But little acts of kindliness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound to cheer the babe,
And tell a friend is near;
A word of ready sympathy
To dry the childish tear;

A glass of water timely brought;
An offered easy-chair;
A turning of the window-blind
That all may feel the air;

An early flower unasked bestowed;
A light and cautious tread;
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed
To spare the aching head, —

Oh! deeds like these, though little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose.

Our heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And, if we only serve him here,
We'll dwell with him above.

Hymns for Mothers and Children.

XXVI.

GENTLENESS.

SPEAK gently: it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently: let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run:
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard:
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.
Speak gently to the erring:
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.

Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, nor how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly then they fell.
Speak gently to the erring:
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet:

Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.
Speak gently to the erring;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?

It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they that share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring:
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From Misery's thorny track.

Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be.
Deal gently with the erring one
As God hath dealt with thee.
Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well:
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

XXVII.

DON'T FRET.

HAS a neighbor injured you?
Don't fret;
You will yet come off the best;
He's the most to answer for:
Never mind it, let it rest;
Don't fret.

Has a wicked lie been told?
Don't fret:
It will run itself to death
If you let it quite alone;
It will die for want of breath:
Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret:
They can't injure you a whit.
If they find you heed them not,
They will soon be glad to quit.
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret.
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round:
Every spoke will reach the top,
Which, like you, is going down.
Don't fret.

XXVIII.

LET IT PASS.

BE not swift to take offence:
Let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense:
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song, —
"Let it pass; let it pass."

Strife corrodes the purest mind:
Let it pass.
As the unregarded wind
Let it pass.

Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve:
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass; let it pass.

Echo not an angry word:
Let it pass.
Think how often you have erred:
Let it pass.
Since our days must pass away
Like the dew-drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?
Let it pass; let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass.
Oh! be kind and gentle still:
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight:
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumphs shall be great.
Let it pass; let it pass.

Bid your anger to depart:
Let it pass.
Lay these homely words to heart, —
"Let it pass."
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong:
Therefore sing the cheery song, —
"Let it pass; let it pass."

XXIX.

LEND A HAND.

LEND a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life:
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another.
When malicious tongues have thrown
Dark suspicion on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone.
There is none so good but may
Run adrift on shame and sorrow;
And the good man of to-day
May become the bad to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another.
In the race for Honor's crown,
Should it fall upon your brother,
Let not envy tear it down.
Lend a hand to all, we pray,
In their sunshine or their sorrow;
And the prize they've won to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

A. J. Davis's Manual.

XXX.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

CATCH the sunshine, though it flickers
Through a dark and dismal cloud;
Though it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed.
Catch it quickly; it is passing, —
Passing rapidly away:
It has only come to tell you
There is yet a brighter day.

Catch the sunshine, though Life's tempest
May unfurl its chilling blast;
Catch the little hopeful stranger;
Storms will not forever last.
Don't give up, and say, "Forsaken;"
Don't begin to say, "I'm sad."
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine:
Catch it! Oh, it seems so glad!

Catch the sunshine! Don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there:
Life's a sea of stormy billows;
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them; do not tarry;
Overcome the heaving tide:
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

Catch the sunshine, catch it gladly,
  Messenger in Hope's employ;
Sent through clouds, through storms and billows,
  Bringing you a ray of joy.
Don't be sighing, don't be weeping;
  Life, you know, is but a span:
There's no time to sigh or sorrow;
  Catch the sunshine when you can.

A. J. Davis's Manual.

XXXI.

THE FOUNTAIN.

INTO the sunshine;
  Full of the light;
Leaping and flashing
  From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
  Whiter than snow;
Waving so flower-like
  When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
  Rushing in spray;
Happy at midnight,
  Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery;
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best;
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame;
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content;
Darkness or sunshine,
Thy element,—

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

J. R. Lowell.

XXXII.

"The sad rhyme of the men who proudly clung
To their first fault, and perished in their pride."

OVER the seas our galleys went.
Cleaving prows, in order brave,
With speeding wind and a bounding wave,
A gallant armament.

Each bark was built of a forest-tree
  Left leafy and rough as first it grew,
And nailed all over the gaping sides,
Within and without, with tough bull-hides.
So each good ship was rude to see,
Rude and bare to outward view;
  But each one bore a stately tent.
Cedar-poles in scented row
Kept out the flakes of dancing brine;
An awning drooped the mast below,
That neither noontide nor starshine
  Might pierce the regal tenement.
When the sun dawned, gay and glad,
We set the sail, and plied the oar;
But when the night-wind blew like breath,
For joy that one day's voyage was o'er,
We sang together on the wide sea
Like men at peace on a peaceful shore.
Each sail was loosed to the wind so free,
Each helm made sure by the twilight star;
And, in a sleep as calm as death,
We, the voyagers from afar,
  Lay stretched, — each weary crew
In a circle round its wondrous tent,
Whence gleamed soft light and curled rich scent,
  And, with light and perfume, music too.
At morn we started beside the mast,
And still each ship was sailing fast.
Now, one morn, land appeared! — a speck,
  Dim, trembling betwixt sea and sky:

Not so the isles our voyage must find
  Should meet our longing eye.
But the heaving sea was black behind
Many a night and many a day;
And land, though but a rock, was nigh:
So we broke the cedar-poles away,
And let the purple flap in the wind;
  And a statue bright was on every deck.
We shouted, every man of us,
And steered right into the harbor thus
With pomp and pæan glorious.

A hundred shapes of lucid stone!
  All day we built its shrine for each, —
A shrine of rock for every one, —
Nor paused till in the setting sun
  We sate together on the beach
To sing because our task was done.
When, lo! what shouts and merry songs!
What laughter all the distance stirs!
A loaded raft, and happy throngs
  Of gentle islanders!
"Our isles are just at hand!" they cried,
  "Like cloudlets faint at evening sleeping;
Our temple gates are opened wide;
  Our olive-groves thick shade are keeping
For these majestic forms!" they cried.
Then we awoke with sudden start
From our deep dream, and knew, too late,
How bare the rock, how desolate,
Which had received our precious freight.

Yet we called out, "Depart!
Our gifts, once given, must here abide;
Our work is done; we have no heart
To mar our work!" we cried.
We staid, and famished in our pride.

Robert Browning.

XXXIII.

LIFE'S WORK.

ALL around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion-voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of Heaven.

Following every voice of mercy,
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us, in Life's earnest labor,
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest before to-morrow's sun
We too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

XXXIV.

A PARABLE.

WORN and footsore was the prophet
When he gained the holy hill:
"God has left the earth," he murmured;
"Here his presence lingers still!

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served thee
As thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, Guider of my fathers;
Lo! a humble heart is mine:
By thy mercy, I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer:
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air;

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And from out the rock's hard bosom
Sprang a tender violet.

"God, I thank thee!" said the prophet:
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in eld sublime:
Humbleness and love and patience
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in holy things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders
That o'er men should give me sway:
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The belovèd of my heart.

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked, and brought to me."

J. R. Lowell.

XXXV.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

XXXVI.

YAMA AND THE DISCIPLE.

TO the young inquirer, Yama
Many a precious gift had given;
And he urged him, "Show me Brahma!
Let me see the Lord of heaven!
Much thy wisdom hath imparted:
Let me tread not as I trod,
Empty-minded, vacant-hearted.
Show me Brahma, teach me God!"

"Ask me sons and grandsons, cattle,
Elephants or horses, gold,
Length of life, success in battle,
Every bliss by time unrolled;
Ask me empire wide extended,
Earth's most beautiful domains,
Nymphs in whom the graces, blended,
Far surpass what fancy feigns:
Of all wonders, ask the rarest;
Of all songs, the sweetest choose;
Of all gems, select the fairest:
Yama nothing shall refuse.
Ask me not, with vain persistence,
That to see which none can see, —
Mysteries of God's existence,
The Divine Infinity."

"What is empire? what is pleasure?
What is wealth? All vanities!
Time soon ends his little measure:
Wearied man, exhausted, dies.
Death conveys all mortals nearer
To the Father whom I seek:
Oh, reveal him! show him clearer!
Thou who know'st the Father, speak!
Solve my doubts, my vision brighten:
Other wishes have I none.
With God's light my soul enlighten;
Let me know the Unknown One!"
Still he urged his prayer on Yama,
Pleading, pleading, there he stood:
"Oh! unveil the hidden Brahma!
Show me his beatitude!"

"Do thou, in serene reflection,
Seek the purest human joys;
Answer pleasure by rejection;
Honor duty by thy choice;
Spurn the folly that invites thee;
Let all idle dreams be past:
Then the goodness that delights thee
Thy reward shall be at last.
Always asking, always gleaning,
Many a truth thy soul shall hold,
Many a deep and beauteous meaning
Shall be gradually unrolled.
Not by vain disputes and wrangles
Wilt thou fathom the concealed:

Quiet musing disentangles
What the Father hath revealed.

"Many are his revelations;
Many a gently wafted word
Wanders 'midst the world's temptations,
All unnoticed, all unheard.
He who reverently listens,
He who meditating wakes, —
He shall see heaven's light that glistens,
He shall hear Heaven's voice that speaks.
There's a Spirit in attendance,
Unobserved by ear or eye;
There is a divine resplendence
On the darkness of the sky,
Highest of all mountains shading
With its sweet serenity,
Deepest of all depths pervading
With its still felicity.
Sitting still, through space He travels;
Calmly resting, fills all time;
And to each true heart unravels
All his mysteries sublime.
He that wants him shall obtain him;
He that loves him wins his love;
Till God's truth shall teach and train him
For the highest seats above."

Eastern Poem.

XXXVII.

THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEART.

MY heart keeps knocking all the day!
What does it mean? what would it say?
My heart keeps knocking all the night!
Child, hast thou thought of that aright?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low:
Hast thou thought what it means by knocking so?

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well:
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,
And by his hand it still is rung;
And he stands without, and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be;
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer, "Come in, come in!"

So knocks thy heart now day by day;
And when its strokes have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at heaven's door,
And stand without, and wait to see
Whether within it will welcome be,
And to hear Him say, "Come, dearest guest,
I found in thy bosom a holy rest:
As thou hast done, be it done to thee;
Come into the joys of eternity!"

Translated from the German.

XXXVIII.

THE CHILD'S WAY TO HEAVEN.

"OH! I am weary of earth," said the child,
As he looked with a tearful eye
On the snow-white dove that he held in his hand;
"For whatever I love will die."

Then the child came out of his little bower;
And he came, and looked abroad;
And he said, "I am going, this very hour, —
I am going to heaven and God."

There was shining light where the sun had set,
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met.
All round in the distant blue,
And red and purple too,

As the child looked out on the far, far west,
He saw a golden door,
Where the burning sun had gone to his rest
But a little while before.

There was one bright spot on the cloud's dark face,
As if it had been riven.
Said the child, "I will go to that very place;
For it must be the gate of heaven!"

Then the child set out to follow the sun:
But the heavens would not stay;
For, ever the faster he tried to run,
They seemed to go farther away.

And the evening shades fell heavily,
With night-dews cold and damp;
While each little star in the dark-blue sky
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds;
And it seemed to the child that they
Were travelling on to the west, while the stars
Were going the other way.

So the child called out, as he saw them stray,
By the evening breezes driven,
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way:
That is not the way to heaven."

Then he wandered on through the rough, waste lands
Where the tangled briers meet,
Till the prickles scratched his dimpled hands,
And wounded his little feet.

He could not see before him well,
And the night grew dark and cold:
And at last he cried; for he could not tell
His way on the open wold.

Then the child knelt down on the damp, green
sod,
And he said his evening prayer;
And he fell asleep as he thought of God,
Who was listening to him there.

A long, long sleep; for they found him there
When the sun went down next day;
And he looked like an angel, pale and fair;
But his cheek was as cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew
That lay on his ringlets bright,
Glistening in every varied hue
Like a coronet of light.

From the German.

XXXIX.

LABOR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
o'er us:
Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

. . . . . .

Labor is life. 'Tis the still water faileth:
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth.
Keep the watch wound; for the dark rust assaileth:
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory. The flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work, thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow:
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so lowly:
Labor; all labor is noble and holy.

. . . . . .

Frances Osgood.

XL.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I SAY to thee, Do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street,

That he and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
And anguish, all are shadows vain;
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread;
A dreary labyrinth may thread;
Through pathways underground be led.

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this, —
Yet one word more: they only miss
The winning of that fatal bliss

Who will not count it true, that love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,—
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife;
That this is blessing, this is life.

Trench.

XLI.

FOLLOW ME.

VOYAGER on Life's troubled sea,
Sailing to eternity,
Turn from earthly things away:
Vain they are, and brief their stay,
Chaining down to earth the heart;
Nothing lasting they impart.
Voyager, what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and follow me.

Traveller on the road of Life,
Seeking pleasure, finding strife,
Know the world can never give
Aught on which the soul can live.

Grasp not riches, seek not fame,
Shining dust, and sounding name:
Traveller, what are they to thee?
Leave them all, and follow me.

Wanderer from thy Father's throne,
Hasten back, thine errings own;
Turn, thy path leads not to heaven;
Turn, thy sins will be forgiven;
Turn, and let thy songs of praise
Mingle with angelic lays.
Wanderer, here is bliss for thee:
Leave them all to follow me.

Anon.

XLII.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low:
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled:
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between:
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well, —
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where God may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean;

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time, —
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Henry W. Longfellow.

XLIII.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE, well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

All common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire; the base design
That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will, —

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings; we cannot soar:
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent, and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

Henry W. Longfellow.

XLIV.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue:
All powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart;
A gracious, willing guest
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of Purity and Grace,
Our weakness pitying see:
Oh! make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

PART III.

TRUTH.

Talk between the Teacher and the Child.

GOD.

Who made the things that you see?

God. He made the sun, the moon, the stars, the rivers, the rocks, and green grass, the trees and flowers. He made also every living creature.

Did God make these things with his hands as a man makes a watch or a pen-knife?

No: he made the light, the air, the elements, and the powers by which all things came into form.

Who created you?

God.

Did the same God create your father and mother?

He did.

Did he also create your grandfather and your grandmother, and all who ever lived?

He created all who have lived on the earth.

Did he create you as a man carves an image?

No: he made the substance from which we were made, and the laws by which it came into form.

Can you see God?

Not with our eyes; for he has no body.

How, then; can you see him, if not with your eyes?

God is seen with the eye of the heart.

What do you mean by the eye of the heart?

The eye of the heart is purity. Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Who are the pure in heart?

They that are not vain nor proud nor selfish; the modest and the simple; they who do not think of themselves, but who love some others more than themselves, and goodness more than all.

What is God?

God is spirit: so Jesus said.

What do you mean by saying that God is spirit?

We mean that he is wisdom and love. The beloved disciple, who tells us that God is spirit, says also, "God is light;" "God is love."

Do you know God, then, when you are wise and loving?

We know God when we love wisdom and goodness.

And when do you love God?

When we love to be true and just and kind.

To know God and to love God are the same thing.

Can you be true and just and kind to God?

No; but we can be to his children. John the evangelist said, "He that loveth not his brother whom he has seen cannot love God whom he has not seen.

Then you love God when you love your fellow-beings, any of your fellow-beings in particular?

No: when we love all; because they are his children as we are.

Does God love all his children alike? Does he love the foolish as well as the wise, the mean as well as the generous, the false as well as the true, the cruel as well as the kind, the bad as well as the good?

Yes: he loves one as well as the other; but he does not love all with the same kind of love.

What do you mean by that?

We mean that he loves the good because he approves of them; and he loves the bad because he pities them. He loves the good because they are good: he loves the bad in order that he may make them good.

What story did Jesus tell about that?

The story of the PRODIGAL SON.

(The story may be read, and made the subject of a lesson or lessons.)

When are you near to God?

We are always near him.

He is always near you; but are you always near to him?

When do you feel near to him?

When, in loving-kindness, we feel near to his children.

How does he seem to you at such times?

He seems to us like a tender Father and Mother.

What do you mean by praying to God?

We mean earnestly desiring to be faithful and just and loving to our fellow-creatures; trying to be good, and begging him to make us so.

Does he answer your prayer?

Oh, yes! all such prayer for help is answered. Every one that asks for what is really good for him receives it; he that seeks goodness finds it; and to him that knocketh at the door of wisdom it is opened.

But is asking with the lips enough?

No: we must ask with all our might. The body must pray for what it needs by working with its hands; the mind must pray for wisdom by studying; the heart must pray for peace and comfort and happiness by being kind. Prayer gets what it wants, only when it becomes labor.

But many good things are given to us which we do not labor for, which we simply wish for earnestly; are there not?

Oh, yes! some of the dearest things come so. God has thousands of servants always waiting to watch over us, and give us good things.

Do you mean by these servants the good angels?

Yes. But all that work with God, whether beings visible or invisible, are angels, or messengers of his goodness.

How does God make himself known to men?

In the world of beauty and use which he has made.

Is there any better way than that?

Yes: in our own wonderful bodies, with their senses and organs, and all their powers.

Is there any other way still?

Yes: in our minds and hearts.

But is there not yet a fourth way, more noble and beautiful than either?

There is. The noblest and best men and women show more of God than can be learned from the trees or the flowers, or all the glory of the heavens; more than the body teaches, or the mind. They are the most perfect images of God on the earth.

And who was the greatest of these?

The greatest of these was Jesus.

THE SPIRIT.

LET us talk together now about spirit, — the Holy Spirit, as it is called, the Spirit of God. I will ask, and you will answer. The answers you will give are written down for you, and are not your own; but you can make them your own by thinking of them seriously as you say them.

Will you tell me then, children, what the word "spirit" means?

It means quick air, or living breath.

What, then, is God's Spirit?

It is the breathing of God on the hearts of his children.

Do you think that God breathes on the hearts of his children as you breathe on your chilly hands to warm them, or on a frosty window-pane to make it cover itself over with ice-flowers?

No: we mean only that nothing gives us so good an idea of his Spirit, and of the way it moves, as the air that we breathe in and out.

Will you tell me why?

Because it is so gentle, yet so swift and strong. It is everywhere, and we cannot see it: it is in all bodies, and it gives life to all bodies; yet it cannot be caught. It bears up the globe we live on; yet it cannot be felt. We know not how it comes and goes, nor do we know where it comes from, and whither it is always going.

What did Jesus say about the Spirit of God?

"The wind bloweth where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every man that is born of the Spirit."

Has the Spirit of God always been working in the hearts of his children?

It has. As soon as there was a man or a woman or a little child able to feel it, there it was waiting to be felt in the heart.

Has it been given alike to all nations?

Yes. Just as the air wraps the whole world about, and has, from the beginning, been breathed in by all people on the surface of the globe; so this Spirit-air has bathed the hearts of men and women all over the earth, and no souls could ever have lived without it.

Is it given to all men and women, whoever they may be? Is it given to the simple as well as to the learned, to the foolish as well as to the wise, to the vicious as well as to the virtuous, to the wicked as well as to the good?

Yes: it is given to all alike, just as the air of heaven is. Bad men may breathe it as well as good men, if they will.

Why, then, are not all men and women good?

Because they will not take into their hearts this heavenly air.

But why will they not? Is it not with them? Does it not touch them? Does it not flow about them?

Oh, yes! but they do not think of it; nor do they know how good it would be for them.

They are bad, then, because their hearts are narrow and close and foul with hates and unclean wishes? Is that what you mean?

Yes: they are soul-sick, precisely as people are sick in body who breathe foul air in dark, low chambers. If they would open the windows, they would be glad.

What does God's Spirit do for his children?

It makes them active, cheerful, and fresh; it brightens the mind; it warms the heart with the love of what is pure, sweet, and kind; it inspires feelings of gratitude and trust, and stirs the longing to be perfect.

Can you tell me what the working of it is like?

It is like the first warm day in spring, or a perfect summer morning, when the sunshine and the sweet air, and the voice of the birds, and the odors from the ground, and the fragrance of the flowers, fill us full of delight; when the heavens and the earth brim over with gladness, and our bosoms seem too small to hold all the love and joy that crowd into them.

Does the Holy Spirit do as much for one as it does for another?

It would do as much if it could. But the violet cannot take as much sunshine and dew as the lily, nor the lily as the rose-bush, nor the rose-bush as the maple-tree. So God's children cannot all

breathe in the same amount of his Spirit; but all can take as much as they need.

There are many different gifts of the Spirit, then?

Yes: so we are taught in the Scripture. To one it gives tenderness, to another strength; to some gentleness, to others courage; to some quietness, to others activity; to some lowliness, to others heroism; to one it gives wisdom, to another simplicity, to another patience, to another meekness; to one it gives the power to avoid temptation, to another the power to resist it.

There are, then, as many gifts as there are graces?

There are; but all good gifts are from the Spirit, which makes our hearts bear flowers and fruits as the sun and rain make the earth bring forth grasses and corn.

What do we say of people who have breathed in a great deal of this Holy Spirit?

We say that they are inspired.

Can you mention the names of any inspired persons?

Moses, who gave the Ten Commandments; David, who sung the songs which we call Psalms; Jesus, who preached the Sermon on the Mount; Paul, who wrote the sweet chapters about charity; John, who said, "God is love," and, when he was too old and weak to utter any thing more, said, "Little children, love one another."

That will do; but tell me, did none receive

the Holy Spirit but those you read of in the Bible?

Oh, yes! Many others have received it. Many receive it now. Many living men and women among ourselves are full of it.

How do you know that they are?

By their love for what is true, just, and good; by their own great truth, justice, and goodness; and by their living to help the erring, the suffering, the wronged, and the wicked.

Does the Holy Spirit come to little children?

Yes: just as the air comes to daisies and crocuses; and it makes them sweet and loving as little children.

What can you do to make the Spirit come to your hearts, and work there?

We can be simple, truthful, and obedient; we can be diligent and faithful; we can love our parents, our brothers and sisters, our schoolmates and companions; we can forbear to injure any; we can forgive those who have injured us; and, while we live, we can try to do good in the little world we live in.

JESUS THE TEACHER.

WE will make Jesus the subject of our lesson to-day; and as all that we know about Jesus is written in the four Gospels, which most of you have read, I shall ask you questions, and you will give me answers. And, first, —

I want you to tell me who Jesus was.

He was a great teacher and saint, who lived nearly two thousand years ago in what is now called the Holy Land. He was the son of lowly parents; but so wise, that he was called the Child of the Spirit; and so good, that men took him to be an angel from heaven. Millions worship him now as if he was God himself.

Was he God?

No: we believe that he was a man as other men are. He was poor, he had few friends, he had much pain and sorrow, he was often lonely and troubled and tempted; but he was so pure and lovely, so much sweeter and holier than any God they worshipped or knew of, that men said he was not a man, he could not be a man; and they worshipped him.

Can you tell me how Jesus came to be so great in goodness as he was?

We cannot. We cannot tell how we ourselves

came to be what we are; much less can we tell how a wonderful person like Jesus came to be what he was. But his heart was simple and pure; and the Holy Spirit can do any thing with a perfectly pure heart.

You said that Jesus was a great teacher. What things did he teach about?

He taught about God and providence, the good life, and the happiness of heaven.

Can you tell me what Jesus taught about God?

He taught that God was a Father who loves all men as his children, and wishes to make them all happy. He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends his rain on the just and the unjust.

What did Jesus teach about providence?

He taught that God's care is over every thing; that nothing is neglected or forgotten; that not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed, and not a flower dies before its hour.

What did he teach about men and women?

He taught that they are God's children, made in the image of the heavenly Father; and that they should try and be as much like him as they could.

What did Jesus teach about little children?

Jesus loved little children: he took them in his arms, and blessed them. He said that people must become like little children if they wished to enter into his kingdom. He said, too, that the guardian angels of little children were nearest to God in the world of spirits, and could always look on his face.

What did Jesus teach about happiness?

He taught that happiness did not consist in fine clothes, or in delicate things to eat and drink, but in goodness.

Where does he teach this?

He teaches it in the Beatitudes, or the promises of bliss.

Will you recite the Beatitudes?

What did Jesus teach about heaven?

He taught that it is within us; a state of mind caused by love. Every sweet and pure heart, he said, was already in heaven. We are in heaven when we are good.

But did he not teach that heaven is a place, as well as a state of mind?

Yes: he said that we were to make a heaven about us, on the earth, by loving our fellow-creatures.

What did Jesus say was the first thing in religion?

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and strength and mind.

What did he say was the second thing?

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

And how, according to Jesus, was one to show his love of God?

By loving his neighbor.

What did Jesus mean by neighbor?

He meant anybody who needs us, or is needed by us.

Can you tell the story in which he says this?

It is the story of the GOOD SAMARITAN.

JESUS THE SAINT.

You said that Jesus was a great saint. What is a saint?

A saint is one who gives up his own will, and lives to do the will of his heavenly Father.

How did Jesus show that he was a saint?

By his meekness, his patience, his submission, his willingness to do what he ought instead of what he liked; by his forgetfulness of himself when others needed his help; by his sweetness when he was abused; by his silence when he was insulted.

Can you give me an example of the saintliness of Jesus?

His silence before Pilate, when the Roman governor tried to terrify him by his power.

Can you give another?

His patience when the soldiers put the reed into his hand, and the crown of thorns on his head; when they struck him with their hard fists, and spit upon him.

Can you give a third example?

His forgiving the men who nailed him to the cross, and the cruel people who mocked him, making sport of his sufferings. Then he said, "Father, forgive them: they know not what they do!"

Can you remember yet one more?

His prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane: "Father, not my will, but thine, be done."

Was Jesus ever tempted to do wrong?

Yes: he was tempted to use his power for unworthy ends, — to make himself rich and great and famous.

What did he do when he was tempted?

He put the temptation by as an evil thing, and did what he knew was right.

How did Jesus spend his life?

In doing good to his fellow-men, healing the sick, teaching the simple, comforting the sad, and making the wicked feel that they should be and could be good.

Can we become like Jesus?

We cannot become equal to him; but we can be like him. We cannot do what he did, nor lead the kind of life that he did; but we can have the same spirit that he had.

What do you mean by having the same spirit?

We mean the same wishes and purposes. He was patient, gentle, merciful: we can be so too. He lived to do all the good he could: we can do the same. He thought all the time how he might do God's will: we may think how we can do it also.

Will his having done it make your doing it easier?

Yes, a great deal easier. As often as we think

of him, we become stronger. When we are tempted, the story of his victory makes us brave; when we are sad, the story of his cheerfulness makes us bright; when we are cold-hearted, the story of his love makes us warm; when we do wrong, the story of his goodness makes us ashamed and penitent.

What do you mean by calling Jesus your Saviour?

We mean that the thought of his great loveliness makes us wish to be lovely, pure, and sweet, and so saves us from being foolish and wicked.

Should you not, then, be grateful for Jesus?

Oh, yes! more than for anybody else, except our father and mother: sometimes even more than for them; for he teaches us to love what is right; he makes it seem noble to love our fellow-beings, and he makes it seem best of all to love God.

What rule for a perfect life did Jesus give?

The Golden Rule.

Will you recite to me the Golden Rule?

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. It tells us to return good for evil.

Is there a Silver Rule? and what is it?

The Silver Rule bids us return good for good.

Is there an Iron Rule? and what is it?

The Iron Rule bids us return evil for evil.

Is there a Brazen Rule? and what is it?

The Brazen Rule bids us return evil for good.

What does Jesus say about the Golden Rule?

He says that they who obey it do all that can be asked of them, even by God himself.

Can little children obey this rule?

Yes; just as well as men and women, or as angels, can. They can return good for evil; they can bless those that curse them; they can pray for those that abuse them; they can be kind to those that hate them.

Then little children may be perfect Christians?

Certainly: all that render good for evil are perfect Christians.

A CHILD'S CREED.

I BELIEVE that I am a child of God, my heavenly Father, who created me, who preserves me, who loves me as his child.

I believe that Jesus was my heavenly Father's best-beloved Son; and that I shall be well beloved, as he was, if I become like him.

I believe that God, and all good angels, and all good men and women, and all good children, are helping me all the time to lead a holy life.

I believe that my faults may be corrected; and my sins, if I repent of them sincerely, and try to be good, will be forgiven and forgotten.

I believe that I cannot be happy or good alone, but only as others are happy and good.

I believe that we make a heaven in our homes by our kindness and love.

I believe that I shall not die when my body dies.

I believe that there will be a heaven hereafter for all good children.

I believe that all children will at last become good, and will go to heaven, to be happy in God's love forever.

GOLDEN WORDS.

To be spoken together by Teacher and Children.

HEAVEN is first a temper, and then a place.

Little children, love one another.

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.

Bless them that curse you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Be not wise in your own conceit.

Better a dish of the plainest food, where love is, than the richest meat and hatred therewith.

Speak gently to all, no matter to what class they belong.

Let not him think he is loved by any who loves none.

If your companion is doing wrong, teach him

kindly, and show him his mistake. If you cannot do this, blame yourself.

The sincerity that is not loving springs from love that is not sincere.

They who love to be feared fear to be loved.

Have patience with all things, but chiefly have patience with yourself.

If one will be just, let him see his neighbor's case with his own eyes, and his own case with his neighbor's eyes.

Every one is as much to himself as we are to ourselves.

Live with your friends as if you would keep them from being your enemies, and with your enemies as if you would compel them to be your friends.

Rather be forsaken by a friend than forsake one.

Cherish the good in all people, and be glad you have found it.

Self-love will always correct too much sympathy. See that there is sympathy enough to correct self-love.

Be not angry with the foolish; for they suffer as much as you suffer, and you have a joy which they have not.

Be just in your judgments, even when they must be against yourselves, your relations or your parents, the rich or the poor; for God is more worthy than they all.

Violence is partial and transient: gentleness is universal and constant.

Some tears belong to us because we are unfortunate, others because we are kind, many because we are mortal, but most because we are unwise: only these last always produce more.

Our happiness, when it comes with duty, is the greatest we can have: if it does not come, we live, if not in the light of joy, yet in the shadow of heaven.

Forsaking duty, we find what we took for heaven to be none.

What we owe to ourselves, we owe to our neighbor; what we owe to our neighbor, we owe to the whole world.

Do not pity vice, looking down on it; but pity it, helping it up, and planting it by your side.

Life is a thing of years; death, a thing of moments.

Be not sorry that men do not know you; rather be sorry that you do not know them.

When you see a good man, think whether you equal him; when you see a bad man, look into your own bosom.

"I am but common earth," said the piece of perfumed clay; "but I have lived with the rose."

The only sure way to pass for any thing is to be something.

No man is free who has vice for his master.

As we can do nothing without the body, let us take care that the body is in a condition to aid us.

To be well to do does not consist merely in being well off, but in being well off in consequence of well-doing.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and praises before he will rise, so neither do you wait for praises and shouts before you will be good.

Is the cucumber bitter, throw it away; are

there thorns in the road, walk aside: do not say, "Why are such things in the world?"

Choose rather to be good to-day than to-morrow.

Form yourself anew each day with liberty, by tranquillity, simplicity, and a sense of what is decent and becoming.

The good study to spiritualize their bodies; the bad, to brutalize their souls.

If I have no friend to tell me my faults, God send me an enemy!

In worship, the presence of the mind will compensate for the absence of the body; but the presence of the body will never make amends for the absence of the mind.

Youth is the great man's glory and the poor man's stock.

Every one, taken at his best, is good for something.

Never speak when you are in a passion, nor to any one that is in a passion.

Every thing is dangerous to one that is afraid of it.

He that shall appear at the last day with good works shall have for them a tenfold recompense; but he that shall appear with evil works shall receive for them only an equal punishment.

To bear and to pardon is the wisdom of life.

God will not punish you for a careless word; but he will punish you for your solemn promises.

When you measure any thing, give full measure; when you weigh any thing, give just weight.

One hour of justice is better than seventy years of prayer.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. Removing stones and thorns from the road is charity. Smiling in your brother's face is charity. Our true wealth hereafter is the good we do in this world. When one dies, men ask what property he left behind him; but angels ask what good deeds he sent before him.

Paradise is at the feet of mothers. Paradise is for them that bridle their anger.

When a good deed is done, the angel of life writes it down with joy ten times. When an evil deed is done, the angel of life says to the angel of

death, "Wait seven hours before you write it down: the man may repent, and ask forgiveness."

To know that a thing is right, and not to do it, is weakness.

Have no friend morally inferior to yourself. Make not the constant man your foe.

Do not suppose that your prayers are the only prayers in the world.

At the last day, the wicked will say to the good, "O ye pure ones! it is because you did not instruct us that we are shut out from the company of the blessed."

He that diligently sows the ground gains a greater stock of religious merit than he could gain by ten thousand idle prayers.

Do not allow yourself to be carried away by anger; angry words and scornful looks are sins; to strike another, or vex him with words, is sin; even the purpose to strike another deserves punishment; to think evil is a sin; haughty thoughts are sins.

God dwells in the heart of all creatures.

He who has not caused the least fear to any creature whatsoever has nothing to fear after he has quitted his body.

The soul is its own witness and its own refuge. The sinful say in their hearts, "None see us;" but the Spirit within their breast sees them.

The Supreme Spirit dwells in thine own bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing witness of thy goodness or thy wickedness.

The sacrifice of a thousand horses has been put in the balance with one true word, and the one true word weighed down the thousand horses.

There are two roads to perfect virtue, — to be true, and to do no evil to any creature.

Never say of any thing, "I have lost it;" but say, instead, "I have given it back."

Remember, it is not he who abuses you, or strikes you, that insults you. All depends on the way you take it. Nobody insults you but yourself.

If you hear that one has spoken ill of you, do not be angry; but rather say, "If he had known my other faults, he would not have mentioned these."

Never say much of your actions or dangers; for, however interesting they may be to you, they cannot be so interesting to others.

When you do any thing that you feel sure ought to be done, never shrink from being seen to do it: for, if you are not acting rightly, shun the action itself; if you are, why fear that men shall know it?

If you would be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others.

At every meal, remember that there are two guests to be fed, — the body and the mind.

Every place is safe to him who dwells with justice.

Would you know how to grieve your enemy? Try to be as good as you can.

Nature has given us one tongue, and two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak.

Choose the best life. Habit will make it pleasant.

Can the sun illumine so great a portion of the universe? and cannot He who made and moves the sun perceive all things?

When you have shut your door, and darkened your window, never say you are alone; for you are not alone: God is within; and he has no need of light to see what you are doing.

Make not an idol of your clothes, and you will not be enraged with the thief.

Difficulties are things that show what we are.

Unless you place your goodness and your treasure in the same thing, your goodness will be sacrificed.

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

Who gives to all denies all.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.

God often hath a great share in a small house.

Better a bare foot than none.

It costs more to do ill than to do well.

Justice has feet of wool, and fingers of iron.

The pride of virtue is itself a sin.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.

Earthly power doth then show likest God's, when mercy seasons justice.

Only a sweet and holy soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole earth turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

All are needed by each one:
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.

Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world!

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods; and meaner creatures, kings.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly-wise.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt:
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

A happy soul will, all the way
To heaven, find a summer's day.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows.

Virtue can see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

He that hath light within his own clear breast
May sit in midnight, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp:
The man's the gold for all that.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

The best portion of a good man's life, — his lit-

tle, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.

Hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

A mother is a mother still, —
The holiest thing alive.

Never, believe me,
Appear the immortals, —
Never alone.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events;
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life, —
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are better still.

A man's best things are nearest him;
Lie close about his feet.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

'Tis only when they spring to heaven, that angels
Reveal themselves to you: they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence, muse or sleep;
And all at once they leave you, and you know them.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers:
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies amid its worshippers.

Fear God, and, where you go, men shall think they walk in hallowed cathedrals.

If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none.

So much love, so much mind.

If you want a fort, build a fort.

The smallest candle fills a mile with its rays.

Our fortunes are the fruit of our character.

Every animal, wren or dragon, must make its own lair.

Every thing is pusher or pushed.

What we wish for in youth comes in heaps on us in old age.

When an angel wishes to ride, any chip or pebble will bud, and shoot out winged feet, and serve him for a horse.

Living, thou dost not live
If Mercy's stream run dry:
What Heaven hath given thee, dost thou freely give,
Dying, thou dost not die.

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them: the worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it.

The past is sacred; it is God's, not ours:
Let all of us do better if we can.

Joys
Are bubble-like; what makes them bursts them too;
And, like the Milky Way there, dim with stars,
The soul which numbers most will shine the least.

Sin is small and mean and barren: good
Only is great and generous and fruitful.

We must believe the best of every thing;
Love all below, and worship all above.

Lowliness is the base of all the virtues;
And he who goes the lowest builds the safest:
Our God keeps all his pity for the proud.

LEGENDS OF VIRTUE.

THE POWER OF TRUST.

A HOLY painter walked up and down his studio, stopping every now and then before his blank canvas, taking up his brushes, and laying them down again to resume his walk. He was meditating the subject of a picture, and earnestly wishing in his heart that Heaven would give him one. At length, in the still morning, a vision came before him of the Madonna, fairer than imagination could have pictured her; and under the feet of the Madonna was the head of Satan, looking as hideous as the Virgin was heavenly. The artist felt that this was the subject given him to paint. He took up his pallet immediately, mixed his colors with trembling hand, sat down before his easel, and began to paint. The hours flew by, and the setting sun shone on him as he bent lovingly over his task. At night, the lovely vision stood before him in his dreams. The break of day found him in his studio once more, impatient for the sunrise, that he might resume his sweet labor. Week after week the work went on, increasing in beauty from hour to hour. Faithful in every feature, line, and hue, the blessed fig-

ure of the Virgin came out; and it only remained to add the few last touches that were necessary to make it complete. One day, near the completion of his labor, he felt a chill creeping over him, and was aware of a gloomy presence in the room. Looking up from his picture, he saw the Adversary standing behind him, and looking earnestly over his shoulder at his picture. He had come in to beg the artist not to paint him so hideous as he appeared in the vision, but to transfer to his dark face some of the sweet expression he had given to the Virgin. In return for this favor, Satan promised the artist any thing he would ask for — wealth, fame, honor, the praise of the world — if he would take but a line of grace, but a shade of loveliness, but a gleam of light, from her countenance, and give it to his. In reply, the pious artist seized his pencil, and, in a moment of inspiration, dashed the Fiend's portrait with a more frightful expression, and touched the Virgin's with a more than celestial grace. The Adversary vanished with a hateful cry.

The next day, he came again, but this time in another mood. He cursed the artist; he threatened; he assured him, that, if he did not comply with his wish, he would torment him piteously; he would make him poor; he would make him miserable; he would cover him with shame, and make him execrable in the eyes of all men. Again the artist took up his pencil; again the illumination came: in an instant, the Fiend was more hideous, the Virgin more heavenly, than before. In a black, thick smoke, the Evil One vanished, and left the artist alone.

And now the picture is finished; it is set up in the great cathedral: the whole town is there to see the master-work, the fame whereof had gone abroad through all the region. Silent among the people stands the artist, humble, and trembling with excitement. Suddenly there

is a great noise, as of wings: all faces are turned upwards. It is the Adversary, who comes swooping down from the vast dome above their heads. He bears down on the artist, seizes him by the hair of his head, bears him aloft to the very height of the ceiling, holds him suspended there an instant, and then lets him fall through the dizzy distance upon the marble floor. There he lies, crushed, bleeding, senseless. But, even as the horror-stricken people gaze on him, the Virgin of his own picture reaches out her hand from the canvas, and, by a touch, lifts him up whole. The art he was faithful to saved him.

TO DO GOD'S WILL IS TO BEHOLD GOD'S FACE.

REPROBUS was by race a Canaanite, of a tribe celebrated for strength and fierceness. He was a mountaineer, huge in bulk, immense in stature, and terrible in look. Tired of the tame life he led among the hills, and despising the shepherd people among whom he lived, he left his wilderness, resolved that he would find the greatest prince in the world, and take service under him as a soldier. The most famous king of that day was Maximus. Report said that a greater than he did not reign on the earth. To him Reprobus went; and Maximus, beholding his stature and strength, gladly took him into his service, made him one of his select body-guard, and kept him always at court near his person. Many times, Maximus went to war with his enemies; and, whenever he went, Reprobus, the chief of his body-guard, gained great fame

by his deeds of valor. He was the envy of all the army, and the favorite of the king. His name was a name of terror in all the lands round about.

It chanced on a certain day, when the king was giving a great feast in honor of a victory which had cost much bloodshed, that his favorite minstrel recited a lay, in the course of which the Devil was often mentioned; and the king, who was a Christian, made, each time the name was spoken, the sign of the cross on his forehead. Reprobus observed this with surprise; and, when the feast was over, he asked the king why he made that sign, and what it meant. The king, at first, gave no answer; but at last, when Reprobus insisted, and threatened to leave his service if he refused, he told him, in confidence, that the Devil, whose name was so often spoken, was his enemy, and the sign of the cross was a charm to prevent his doing him harm. Hearing this, Reprobus began to suspect that Maximus was not the greatest king in the world. If he was afraid of the Devil, the Devil must be a greater lord than he; and as he, Reprobus, was in search of the mightiest king there was, he must go in search of the Devil. So he left Maximus, and went out to find his new master.

Which way to go, he knew not; for, though he found himself very soon in his dominions, no person could tell him where his Satanic Majesty held his court. Finally, after riding for many days, as he was passing through a gloomy desert-place, he saw a great band of warriors in black armor; and in the midst of them one figure, tall and terrible, with black plume, and eyes full of dark fire, who rode up to him, and cried fiercely, "Who art thou? and whither art thou going?" Reprobus told him his story; and, when the grim knight heard him say that he wished to enter the service of the Devil, said, "You have

found him you seek, then: I am the Devil. If you will enter my service, you shall be right welcome: I like such tall fellows as you, and will give you work enough."

Behold the giant now, duly enrolled in the Devil's retinue! There was work enough to do, to be sure; and it was well done. Reprobus was not behind the rest in his zeal. Many a deed of blood he perpetrated; many a good man he ruined; many a delicate woman he slew; many a sweet little child he dashed against the stones; many a house of charity he burned to the ground; many a caravan of pilgrims he put to the sword. He never stopped at any outrage; but, whatever he was bidden, he performed. In the Devil's service he continued several years; for none was found on earth stronger than he.

But one day, as they rode on together, they came to a crucifix, which some priests had set up by the wayside, that travellers might be reminded, as they went, of their redemption. The master of Reprobus saw it afar off, and, before they reached it, turned off the road into the forest, and struck again into the highway farther on. Reprobus, much wondering at this, and failing to guess what it might mean, ventured to ask his lord, Satan, why he went so far out of his way at that particular spot. For some time, he received no answer; but, on his insisting, the Devil replied, "Did you not observe the crucifix by the wayside?" — "Certainly," said Reprobus; "but what had that to do with it?" — "Every thing," said his master; "for that figure on the cross was the image of the Christ." "But who was the Christ?" again asked the curious soldier: "anybody that you are afraid of?" The Devil was obliged to tell him that he was the great King of the other world, who would one day, he feared, put an end to his own kingdom. "Say you so?" said Reprobus. "Then you are not the strongest king, after all? I am very

sorry: you have treated me well; but I must leave your service, and find this great King whose name makes you tremble."

So Reprobus left the service of the Devil, and went in search of the Christ. But the Christ was hard to find. He journeyed far, and asked many questions. As it chanced, he came, after much wandering, to a lonely monastery, where lived many monks. They promised to show him the way to Christ. They took off his heavy armor, and clothed him in a long black robe. They led away his war-horse; they broke his spear, and buried his sword; they shaved the top of his head, and changed his heathen name of Reprobus the wicked for the Christian name, Christopher the Christ-bearer. All this he did not much like; but he liked still less the work they gave him to do. Praying was not so much to his taste as fighting. The huge giant, with his brawny limbs, found himself sadly out of place. The long prayers were very tiresome, and he could not see the use of them. The monks tried to teach him the mysteries of doctrine; but he could not understand a word they said, for he had small brains. Seeing that he could neither pray nor study, that he was little more than a great bulk of body, they decided to put him to such uses as his immense power made him suitable for.

Now, hard by the monastery, there ran a strong stream of water, difficult to cross at any time, and, in the winter season, almost impossible. There was no bridge; no ferry-boat, of course. By the side of this little river, Christopher built for himself a log-hut, and there lived alone, waiting for travellers to come seeking passage to the other side. These he took on his broad shoulders, and carried across. For a long time, he labored in this way as ferryman, summer and winter, day and night, in

storm and calm, bearing all who came. One black night in winter, Christopher lay in his hut, sheltered from the weather. It was bitterly cold: the wind roared furiously among the pine-trees; the clouds drove across the sky; the river, swollen by the rains, was a torrent. As the ferryman lay wrapped up in his skins, there came to his ear a sound like the cry of a child. He raised his head to listen: it came again more distinctly than before. He went out, but could see nothing but the dark waves of the river, could hear nothing but the roar of the winds and waves. Thinking that his hearing had deceived him, he went back to his hut, and tried to sleep; but again the cry came, as of a child in distress. He went forth once more, down to the water's edge; and there, on the steep bank, sat a little child, crying piteously, and praying to be carried over the stream. Christopher took the little one in his arms, carried him into the hut, lighted his fire, spread a warm bear-skin before it, and tried to make the child sleep till the morning. But the child would not be satisfied; its cries became louder; it would be carried across the stream at once. So Christopher, seeing there was nothing else to do, took his staff, made of the trunk of a pine-tree, placed the little boy securely on his shoulder, and began the passage. The water was deep; the current was strong; the waves were high. He had scarcely made half the distance, when the burden he carried seemed so heavy, that he could scarcely stand under it. His limbs trembled; his knees bent; the sweat poured in streams from his body: still he staggered on, saying no word, till with prodigious effort, strained, and out of breath, he reached the shore.

"Who art thou?" he said to the child, as, lifting him from his shoulders, he placed him tenderly on the grass. But the child was no more a child: his form rose and

dilated; his face put on a wonderful expression; his hair was like a glory; his eyes were like stars. It was the Christ who stood there, and said to the wondering giant, "I am the King thou seekest. Thou art, indeed, Christopher: thy service is accepted."

THE LOVING EYE SEES BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

JESUS drew near to a village with his companions. As they entered the gate, behold! a crowd of people were gathered; and, from their gestures, it appeared that they were interested in something that was lying on the stones of the street. Making his way through the press, Jesus approached to see what it was; and, lo! dead on the stones, there lay a dog, who had been hunted down and killed. He had been mad. The people were making remarks on the poor creature, and, in various ways, were giving vent to their disgust. "How horrible he is to look at!" said one: "see the foam on his lips, the blood on his tongue and in his eyes!" — "And his skin," said another; "how rough and torn it is! and how dusty too!" — "But look at his ears, all slit and ragged! See how his tongue is bitten, and what an ugly gash he has on his head!" "Ugh!" grunted a fourth; "but look at the flies on him! how they swarm! how they buzz! See them fight for that great sore place on his side!" — "He is dead and rotting!" — "Pah! how he smells!" While they talked thus, coming and going, holding their breath, and expressing all kinds of disgust, Jesus looked on pityingly. Suddenly he turned to the people, and said, "But see how pearly white his teeth are!" They looked at him, and said, "Surely thou art the Christ; for none but he would find beauty in any thing so hideous!"

"HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVETH BEST."

A MONK was praying in his cell. The spirit of prayer was strong in him; his heart was full, his feeling was earnest, his thoughts were quick; he felt himself near to God; tears of gratitude filled his eyes; his voice trembled with emotion; his face was glowing. He had never had such rapture in his prayer before: earth and all earthly things were forgotten; men and all human beings passed from his mind; heaven was in his soul; and, as he prayed, heaven opened on his vision. The angels seemed all around him. In full view, palpable to sight, stood the Madonna, looking down on him with tender eyes. Absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful presence, and happy as an angel himself, he hardly heard the bell that told him he was wanted for some duty at the door. It rang again. Could he leave the blessed place for the cold air outside? Could he leave his blissful prayer, and go out on some common work of charity, probably to hear some old woman's story, or help some beggar in his rags? There was the bright presence of the Virgin full before him: she might vanish at any moment; could he go while she staid? In a moment, these thoughts passed through his mind: but he remembered his vow; and, before the bell sounded a third time, he was at the door, answering the call. It was a miserable beggar with a long tale of distress, and a prayer for charity. He listened patiently to the tale; he relieved the want: then he went back to his cell, expecting to find all that glory departed. To his surprise, there stood the Virgin just as before, only, if that were possible, more beautiful in face and expression. Her lips opened; and a voice said to him, "Hadst thou not gone, I had not remained."

NEVER DESPISE SMALL THINGS.

JESUS was walking with his disciples along the high-road towards a village now not very distant. They were talking, as they loved to talk, about the Master, and about themselves, and about the new kingdom that was to be set up soon, in which they were to have the first places and the chief honors. They carried their heads high; for they were thinking of crowns and sceptres and thrones and body-guards, palaces to live in, fine clothes to wear, and delicacies to eat. As they talked on, full of hope, and warm with excitement, Jesus fell behind a few steps, and became absorbed in his own thoughts.

Suddenly, one of the company struck with his foot some hard object that lay hidden in the dust of the road. It was an old, rusty, worn horse-shoe, that had been cast by the steed of some Roman officer. There was a moment's pause; but, seeing what it was, the high-minded travellers spurned it with their feet, as not being worth picking up, and, resuming their conversation, went proudly on. Jesus noticed their action, marked where the horse-shoe lay, and, on coming to the place, quietly stooped, picked it up, and put it into the fold of his robe.

They staid but a few moments in the village; but Jesus took occasion to stop, unobserved by his companions, at a stall in the fruit-market, where he exchanged his old iron shoe for some cherries. These he put in his large sleeve, and rejoined his friends. They left the village, and were out on the high-road again. The day became sultry; the soil was parched; there was no water to be seen; there was no tree to afford them shade. After a time, they became silent, and doggedly stumbled on,

their eyes bent vacantly on the ground. Jesus walked a few steps in advance of the rest. Presently, without looking round or saying a word, he dropped a cherry. It was quickly pounced upon by Peter, though it made his tired back ache sorely to stoop so low. In a minute or two, another cherry dropped, and down went Peter again: and so on, every few minutes, Jesus let fall a cherry, — only one at a time; and, each time a cherry fell, some tall form was bent to pick it up. When Jesus thought he had made his companions stoop often enough, he turned, and gave them the remainder of the fruit. Most grateful it was to their thirsty mouths. "But where did you get them?" asked Peter. Then Jesus reminded them of the old horse-shoe, told them what he had done with it, and said, "If you had not been too proud to stoop once when you were strong, you would not have been obliged to stoop so many times when you were weak."

CHARITY TO THE SINNING.

A GREAT many years ago, in a monastery of nuns, there lived a young girl named Beatrice. She was very beautiful; but she was no more beautiful than she was good. She prayed to the Holy Virgin constantly, and was very much devoted to all pious duties in her service. So great was her piety, that, though young, she became stewardess, or housekeeper, of the convent; had charge of the money; purchased the needful supplies; and gave alms at the door. For some time, she filled this place with equal wisdom and generosity, making herself

much beloved by all in the house, and by all out of it who knew her. Her life was very quiet: she knew nothing about the ways or the pleasures of the world. Her friends were all inside the convent: she never went abroad; and it was only now and then that she saw the face of a man.

One day there came to the monastery, on business, a young man, who saw the fair girl, loved her, and wanted her to go away with him. He told her all about the gay world she had never seen; the cities, the monuments, the rich parks and gardens, the crowded streets, the bright shops, the fairs, the games, the merry frolics, the dances, till her fancy was full of dreams. But she knew her duty, and loved her work; and, though she listened to the pleasant stories, she refused to go away with the young man. Still the young man came and begged; still she listened and refused for a long time. At length, she could resist no longer the prayers of her lover, and made up her mind to leave the convent. She came to the altar of the Holy Virgin, her protectress, and said, "Dear heavenly Mother, I have served you as well as I could all this time: now I am going into the world; and, as I cannot serve you longer, I leave with you my keys." Having said this, she placed her keys on the altar, and went away with her friend.

She saw the world; she went into its gayeties; she shared its pleasures; and, alas! she learned its vices too, and stained herself with its sins. Her friend left her: lonely, poor, forsaken, she wandered about, sinking from one degree of misery to another, till her heart was broken, and she was ready to die. Not knowing where to go for bread, and not daring to return to the convent she had left, she supported herself as well as she could by beggary and vice. At last, after years spent in this way,

she said to herself, "I will go to my convent, and beg a place there to die in. They will not remember me; for my beauty is gone, my looks are altered, and they will surely pity one who is so poor and wretched."

She went to the gate, and knocked. The same old portress answered the call who used to wait there when she was stewardess. She did not recognize the pale beggar in the faded rags. "Do you remember Beatrice," asked the poor girl, "who was once mistress of this house?" —"Perfectly," replied the portress. "She is still here; she is still the mistress of the house. A wise, honest, and holy woman is Dame Beatrice: she has lived in the convent from her childhood, and has never had dispute with man or woman." Beatrice, hearing these words, could hardly trust her ears, and was turning to go away, feeling that the woman was laughing at her, when the Holy Mother herself appeared, looking as she might have looked, and, calling her in, said to her, "My daughter, these fifteen years that you have been absent, I have taken your place, and done your duty. You left the keys with me: take them again; resume your office. No one knows of your absence or your shame."

MORE WAYS THAN ONE OF DOING GOOD.

THERE were two brothers, twins, and only children of their parents. They grew up together as children, and were so much alike in looks and manners and childish ways, that only their parents knew them apart. As they grew older, they still looked alike; but their

tastes and talents were very different. One was fond of study, and particularly of the study of medicine; the other was fond of music, and spent all his time in learning to play on the violin. Both were kind, tender-hearted, and good; both seemed happiest when they were doing something for poor and sad people. In course of time, the first became a great physician. The fame of his knowledge and skill was spread all over the great city where he lived, and all over the country beyond. Rich carriages stood before his door, and poor people knocked at it; and, while the rich gave him money, the poor gave him thanks, which he valued as much as the money. Many were the cures that he wrought; many the people he raised up, as it were, from the dead; many the sufferers whom he relieved; many the parents that he restored to their children, and the children that he restored to their parents. Noble lords and ladies sent him splendid gifts; kings bestowed favor on him. His name everywhere was spoken with blessings.

All this time his twin-brother was poor, going about from town to town with his violin, playing in the public squares to the people, playing to sick people in hospitals, or amusing children out of school. He was happy and gay and innocent, very tender-hearted and gentle. Men called him idler and vagabond; only a foolish fiddler, who was of no use in the world: but many poor people and sick people were made happy by his music; many dying people were cheered by the sound of his violin; and many sad people, for whom the great doctor could do nothing at all, were comforted, and blessed the sweet musician and his melodies.

One day, the great physician was called to attend a poor man who was dying in a distant part of the city. The house was low, dark, and comfortless; it was ill

furnished; the fire had nearly gone out on the hearth. No friends were there; but alone on his hard bed, sitting up on it, pale and weak, with a violin in his hand, was a poor worn-out man. The doctor came in, and knew his brother. They met at last, after many years. The poor player, worn out by poverty, and by travelling from place to place, needed his brother's skill; the great doctor, sad from seeing so much suffering and death, and from thinking how little he could do to help his fellow-men, needed his brother's music. So they helped each other. The doctor gave strength to the player's body; the player comforted the doctor's heart. And which did the other the most good, or which did the most good in the world, nobody will ever be able to tell.

CHARITY THE TRUE SAINTLINESS.

A CERTAIN man had passed a long life in a desert cave, far away from men and women and little children. He spent his time in fasting and praying, and performing severe tasks which did no good to anybody. His study was to make himself as miserable as he could in this world, in order that he might be happy in the next world. He wanted to be a great saint. Men thought he was, and the fame of his saintliness was abroad over all the land. He liked this very much, and was proud enough because he was so much more holy than other people. But he was anxious that God should think him a great saint too, and holier than anybody else in the world. One day, when he was now an old man, he felt

so much puffed up with the notion of his holiness, that he asked the Lord what saint there was anywhere greater than himself, that he might go and find him out, and learn of him how to be more saintly.

All the time he was asking this, he felt quite sure that no greater saint existed on the face of the earth than he was; and he was certain that the Lord would tell him so. In fact, he was seeking for a compliment. But a compliment he did not get. On the contrary, the Lord, who did not at all approve of his conceit of his own goodness, told him, that, if he would excel all others in virtue and sanctity, he must do his best to resemble a certain poor minstrel, who went singing from door to door in the nearest village.

The holy man was in great astonishment at hearing such words: but he arose, took up his staff, and went forth in haste to find the minstrel. He found him singing in the market-place, and, greeting him, said very earnestly, "Tell me, I pray, my brother, what good works thou hast done in thy lifetime, and by what prayers and penances thou hast made thyself acceptable to God." The man, amazed at being so addressed, hung his head in shame, as he replied, "I pray thee, good father, do not mock me. I have done no good works: and as to praying, dear me! poor sinner that I am, I do not know how; I am not worthy to do it. I do nothing but go about from door to door, amusing the people with my flute."

But the holy man would not be put off in this way. The Lord had told him that this man was a greater saint than he was, and he knew of but one kind of saint, — a man who passed his days in prayer and fasting. So he insisted, saying, "Nay; but some good works thou must have done in the course of thy life to raise thee so high in the Lord's regard." Still the minstrel replied, "No: I

can remember no good thing that I ever did. I have never deserved any praise or honor from the Lord, or from my fellow-men." — "But hast thou always led this idle, vagabond life? Hast thou always followed the worthless trade thou followest now? Thou art a beggar, to be sure: that is something. But men of your trade may become beggars by their vice and their riotous living: then their poverty is no merit. Did you beggar yourself so?" — "Oh, no!" said the man. "I will tell you how I became poor. I saw, one day, long ago, a woman running about from place to place, distracted with fear and grief. Her husband and children had been sold into slavery to pay a debt. She had no home, no money; and she knew not where to go. She was very beautiful too, which made the matter worse; for wicked men were in pursuit of her. I protected her from the villains, and took the poor sad creature home to my cottage, out of harm's way. I had laid by some money which I did not need, — about enough to ransom her husband and children. This I gave to her for that purpose: they were redeemed from slavery; and now they all live together in their old home in the city. This explains my poverty; for, at present, the only way I have to earn my bread is this: I go from door to door with my flute, and the people give me what they can. This is the only thing I can recollect about myself: and there is no great merit in that; for any honest man would have done the same thing. Besides, it happened so long ago, that I have almost forgotten it."

The holy man, hearing the minstrel's story, burst into tears, and said, "In all my long life, I have never done any thing so good as this deed of thine which thou hast almost forgotten, and dost not think worth speaking of; yet thou art nothing but a poor piper, and men call me a saint."

SHALL WE EVER TIRE OF HEAVEN?

A PIOUS monk, who had tried all his life to live so as to be worthy of heaven, had the horrible thought cross his mind, that heaven might at last be as wearisome as earth was. He was tired of every thing about him, even of things that were sweet and beautiful. He was tired of his food and drink; he was tired of duties; he was tired of getting up in the morning, and going to rest at night; he was tired of seeing the sun rise and set; he was tired of the grass and the flowers and the trees and the running brooks; he was tired of the forms and faces of his fellow-men. All he saw and heard and knew of had ceased to give him pleasure. He was charmed for a little while, and soon the charm ceased. Might it not be the same in heaven? Might he not become just as tired of hearing the songs of the angels as he had become of hearing the songs of his fellow-men? Would not the celestial landscape lose its charm at last? Would the sunshine on the plains of light seem as beautiful to him when he had lived in it a hundred years? If it would not, if heaven was at length to be as stupid as the earth was, what was the use, he thought, of wishing so much to go there?

Thinking thus sadly, he walked one evening, just after sunset, into a deep forest which was not far from the monastery where he lived. Seating himself on a mossy stone, he was soon lost in musing, and forgot in what place he was. Suddenly, from the branch of a tree directly over his head, a nightingale began to sing. He listened to the sweet, sad song, forgetting every thing, — his cares, his duties, his sorrows, even his own tormenting

thoughts. His mind was still; his very heart was silent as he listened. He closed his eyes, and gave himself wholly up to the delicious notes. The song was a short one, and the bird kept singing it over and over and over again, — just the same notes all the time: but, each time he sang it, it seemed sweeter than it did the time before; and he found himself expecting the strain as eagerly, when it had been sung a thousand times, as if he had never heard it at all. He sat thus, listening and longing, for the space, it seemed to him, of an hour; then, remembering his duties at the evening service in the monastery, he started, heaved a sigh, and bent his steps homeward.

As he drew near, things did not look as they did when he saw them last. The young trees had grown large and tall; the garden had run to waste; the brook was almost dry; the fences looked old, and, in some places, were broken down; the orchard-wall was dilapidated; there were no fowls or domestic animals about. He approached the gate: it was off the hinges. Near it stood a very old man, whom he thought he remembered to have seen before, but who did not seem to know him at all. "Who are you?" said he to the monk, as he approached. "I am Brother Benedict: don't you know Brother Benedict?" — "Brother Benedict is dead long since," said the old man: "at least, we suppose he is dead. He went away one evening, after sundown; and we have never seen or heard of him since." — "But I am Brother Benedict," said the monk. "I went away this very evening, after sundown, about an hour ago; and now I am come back for evening prayer." — "We said the evening prayer without you," answered the old monk; "and many evening prayers and morning prayers we have said since that time; for it must be thirty years ago. We have all grown old. I was one of the younger brothers, and you see how

old I am. Some of us are dead and gone (you may see their graves over yonder in the meadow), and some are very aged and weak; we can do very little work out of doors: you see how all things have gone to decay. But now tell me where you have been all these years. Have you been travelling in foreign lands? Have you been to Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre?"

Then Benedict told him where he had been, and what he had been doing. He, too, had grown very old; but he did not know it: for the nightingale's song had made him lose all sense of time and change, of hunger and thirst, of cold and heat, summer and winter, sunshine and shower, day and night. He had listened a generation, and thought it only an hour. He never feared again that he should tire of the joys of heaven.

THE INDIAN BOY AND THE FIRE.

ONCE upon a time, the lightning from heaven fell upon a tree standing in the old primeval forest, and kindled it so that it flamed on high. And it happened that a young hunter, who had lost his path in that wilderness, beheld the gleam of the flames from a distance; and, forcing his way through the thicket, he flung himself down in rapture before the blazing tree.

"O divine light and warmth!" he exclaimed, stretching forth his arms, "O blessed, O heaven-descended Fire! let me thank thee; let me adore thee.

"Giver of a new existence, quickening through every pulse, how lost, how cold, how dark, have I dwelt without

thee! Restorer of my life, remain ever near me, and, through thy benign and celestial influence, send love and joy to illuminate my soul."

And the Fire answered, and said to him, "It is true that my birth is from heaven; but I am now, through mingling with earthly elements, subdued to earthly influences: therefore beware how thou choose me for thy friend, without having first studied my twofold nature. O youth! take heed, lest what appears to thee now a blessing may be turned at some future time to fiery pain and death." And the youth replied, "No, oh, no! thou blessed Fire: this could never be. Am I, then, so senseless, so inconstant, so thankless? Oh, believe it not! Let me stay near thee; let me be thy priest to watch and tend thee truly. Ofttimes in my wild wintry life, when the chill darkness encompassed me and the ice-blast lifted my hair, have I dreamed of the soft summer breath, of the sunshine that should light up the world within me and the world around me. But still that time came not. It seemed ever far, far off; and I had perished utterly before the light and the warmth had reached me, had it not been for thee."

Thus the youth poured forth his soul; and the Fire answered him in murmured tones, while her beams, with a softer radiance, played over his cheek and brow: "Be it so, then: yet do thou watch me constantly, and minister to me carefully; neglect me not; leave me not to myself, lest the light and warmth in which thou so delightest fail thee suddenly, and there be no redress. And, oh, watch thyself also! Beware lest thou too ardently stir up my impatient, fiery being! beware lest thou heap too much fuel upon me! once more, beware, lest, instead of life and love and joy, I bring thee only death and burning pain!" And the youth passionately vowed to keep her behest;

and, in the beginning, all went well. How often, for hours together, would he lie gazing, entranced, toward the radiant, beneficent Fire, basking in her warmth, and throwing, now a leafy spray, now a fragment of dry wood, anon a handful of odorous gums as incense, upon the flame, which, gracefully curling and waving upwards, quivering and sparkling, seemed to whisper in return divine oracles! or he fancied he beheld, while gazing into the glowing depths, marvellous shapes, fiery visions dancing and glancing along. Then he would sing to her songs full of love; and she, responding to the song she had herself inspired, sometimes replied in softest whispers, so loving and so low, that even the jealous, listening woods could not overhear. At other times she would shoot up suddenly in rapturous splendor like a pillar of light, and reveal to him all the wonders and the beauties which lay around him, hitherto veiled from his sight.

But at length, as he became accustomed to the glory and the warmth, and nothing more was left for the Fire to bestow, or her light to reveal, then he began to weary, and to dream again of the morning, and to long for the sunbeams. And it was to him as if the Fire stood between him and the sun's light; and he reproached her therefor, and became moody and ungrateful: and the Fire was no longer the same, but unquiet and changeful, sometimes flickering unsteadily, sometimes throwing out a lurid glare. And when the youth, forgetful of his ministry, left the flame unfed and unsustained, so that ofttimes she drooped and waned, and crept in dying gleams along the damp ground, his heart would fail him with a sudden remorse, and he would cast on the fuel with such a rough and lavish hand, that the indignant Fire hissed thereat, and burst forth in a smoky, sullen gleam, then died away again. Then the youth, half sorrowful, half impatient,

would remember how bright, how glowing, how dazzling, was the flame in those former happy days when it played over his chilled and wearied limbs, and shed its warmth upon his brow; and he desired eagerly to recall that once-inspiring glow. And he stirred up the embers violently till they burned him; and then he grew angry; and then again he wearied of all the watching and the care which the subtle, celestial, tameless element required at his hand: and at length, one day, in a sullen mood, he snatched up a pitcher of water from the fountain, and poured it hastily on the yet living flame.

For one moment, it arose, blazing, towards heaven, shed a last gleam upon the pale brow of the youth, and then sank down in darkness, extinguished forever.

From Mrs. Jameson's Commonplace Book.

POWER OF THE DIVINE CHILD.

IT is recorded of Jesus in certain very old books, that, when he was an infant, he was taken by his parents down into Egypt to escape the wrath of King Herod, who feared lest he should grow up to be a powerful enemy. It was a long and tiresome journey through solitudes and over barren places infested by wild beasts. His father was an old man, and his mother was a delicate woman. They were too poor to hire an escort, or even to pay a servant to take care of the child. Their donkey was not strong enough to carry much luggage or food in addition to the burden of the mother and babe; so that they must expect to be often hungry, and almost always

in danger. At this time, says the old story, all things waited on the loving child, and were ready to serve him; all nature was kind; the very beasts were friendly; the hot days became shorter, and the still, cool nights became longer; and a troop of invisible angels waited on the little company in their flight, to protect them. It chanced that one day, in the midst of the heat, they came to a cavern, whose wide mouth invited them to enter. The mother, with her child, dismounted from the donkey; the beast was turned loose; and the travellers went into the cave. They had penetrated, however, a very little way, when a terrible hissing came to their ears; and, in the distance, they saw what seemed to be huge balls of red fire. The cavern was the home of a brood of serpents. Their vast coils rose and fell like waves of the sea; their scales glistened like steel plates, and rustled like armor; on their crests rose plumes of horrid hair, and from their mouths darted and quivered arrowy tongues. There seemed to be legions of them; and they looked as if they swarmed up from the flaming centre of the earth.

Joseph and Mary were sore afraid, and would gladly have run away: but terror kept them still; and, if it had not, the serpents would have moved faster than they, and would soon have overtaken them. The dragons — for such they were — made a horrid sound on seeing the travellers enter the cavern, and would have devoured them instantly. Jesus, says the old story, had been asleep in his mother's arms; but waking at the moment, and opening his great mysterious eyes, he looked steadily at the monsters. That child's look they could not bear; their heads sank to the ground; their crests fell; their eyes closed: slowly they crawled back into the dark; and the travellers had no more fear.

In the unfrequented parts of the journey, where the

way was crooked, and hard to find, or where the dangers were especially great, a strange escort, it is said, closed about the feeble company to guard and guide them. Lions and panthers from the wilderness, wolves and jackals, gambolled in front of them, or gravely marched behind. Harmless animals, too, joined the procession, — the wild asses and goats from the rocks, with their udders full of milk. They allowed him to ride on their backs; and many a weary mile they made pleasant with their awkward, kindly ways. This did not last always; for sometimes the travellers were alone in the wide wilderness, — alone with the white sand, and the short, dry grass, and the rocks, and the terrible sun, which pierced them with its beams like a spear. The shade of a small tree was a blessing they could not be enough thankful for; and they were very few.

When they had been out many days, and no rain had fallen, no cloud had shaded the sun, Mary, one hot day towards noon, saw a tree in the distance. "Let us go there quickly," she cried to Joseph, "and rest a while in the shade of it!" They made haste to the palm-tree, and stopped. The mother and child alighted, and sat down at the foot of it. She was very tired, and her lips were parched. As she turned her eyes upward, she saw its branches, heavy with fruit; and she sighed, "Oh that I might have some of the fruit that is hanging there above my head!" Joseph replied, "I wonder that you can say that, when you see how high the branches are from the ground. I am more anxious to get water; for our flasks are empty, and there is no fountain near: we may perish from thirst." On this, the child Jesus, lying on the bosom of his mother, smiled sweetly, and looked up at the tree, as if he would say, "Good tree, why do you not let down your branches, and drop your fruit into my

mother's mouth?" The tender, pleading look drew the tree towards the child; the branches came lovingly down; and the dates, fresh and sweet, lay in heaps before the little company. They ate, and were satisfied. The mother blessed the sweet child, whose love made even the palm-tree return love to it. The tree was not content to give its fruit only; for when it had raised itself again, and stood tall and straight as it had been before, it sent forth from its roots the most delicious spring of cool, sparkling water. Then their hearts were glad indeed. They bathed their hands and faces in the bubbling stream; they quenched their thirst; they gave drink to their faithful beast; they filled their flasks; they sat long, listening to the gentle soothing song of the fountain, which made music in the air. Then they thanked God, and prepared to go on their way. As they left the place, an angel came, broke a twig from the tree, and carried it up to heaven to bloom in paradise.

But their way was not yet wholly free from dangers. There were waste places to be passed over, which were said to be infested by robbers. As they drew near to one of these, Joseph and Mary said, "We will travel over it by night: then we shall not be seen." But, lo! midway they came suddenly on a company of robbers asleep by the roadside. Two of them, wakened by the sound of their animal, started up. Their names were Titus and Dumachus. Titus said to Dumachus, "Let us not disturb our comrades, nor let us molest these travellers. Do allow them to pass quietly on."

But Dumachus said, "No: they may be rich. Besides, if one of our companions should happen to stir, and see what we were about, and tell the rest, we should lose our lives as well as our booty." — "Nay," replied Titus: "they are sound asleep; do not be afraid of their waking. Here

are forty gold-pieces; take them: let the travellers go, and say no more about it." So Dumachus took the money, and the travellers passed on. Thirty years after, Jesus hung on the cross with two thieves, one on each hand. One of them was full of blasphemy; but the other turned his dying eyes to Jesus, and said, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus looked on him, and saw Titus, — the same kind robber who had saved them in the desert. His heart was touched, and he said, "Yes: I will remember thee. This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

Yet again, as they journeyed, they were in danger of falling into the hands of robbers. A large troop was riding a short distance in advance of them, moving slowly, because they were loaded with plunder taken from a caravan they had just attacked. As the robber-band marched on, suddenly they seemed to hear behind them a great noise, as of horsemen armed, scouring the plain. There were the ringing of weapons, the rattle of bridles, the clatter of hoofs, the notes of the trumpet sounding a charge, and the confused murmur of many steeds and men. The robbers said apart, one to another, "It is the king with his army: we must fly!" And fly they did immediately, leaving the booty, and all their prisoners to shift for themselves as they could. They were loosening one another's bonds, and picking out the goods that belonged to them, when Joseph and Mary and the little child appeared. "Where," they exclaimed in great wonder to Joseph, — "where is the great king, whose host we heard, and whose coming has frightened the robbers away, and delivered us?"

"The Divine Child is the King," said Joseph: "I know of no other.

All things work together for good to them that love God.

THE DIVINE CHILD AT PLAY.

THE old story-tellers who relate these wonderful things about Jesus did not mean to tell simply wonderful things, but meant to tell sweet things, that showed a lovely disposition in the little child. They liked to think of him at his play with other children of the village. They saw no reason why, because he was so good, he should be sober and grave; why he should not laugh and sing, and be merry: quite the other way. It seemed to them natural that he should be even merrier than other children, because he was so good. Why not? Should not a pure heart be happy? Should not a loving heart be joyous? Should not a simple, trusting heart be full of song? Jesus, when a child, they said, sported like a child. Sometimes they imagined him as amusing himself in his father's workshop, busy with hammer and saw, making tables or chairs, or nailing pieces of wood together in the form of a cross; but more often they thought of him as the centre of a merry group of little people busy by the bank of a stream, or in the garden, making figures of clay. On one occasion, they tell that he fashioned, along with the rest, a great number of sparrows from the soft mud of a brook. When they were finished, the boys placed them on a fence, all in a row, and said among themselves, "What shall we do with them now that they are made?" One cried, "Let us stand off at a distance, and throw stones at them; and he that hits the greatest number shall be our chief." Another exclaimed, "No, no! let us not do that; let us leave them where are, and see how long they will sit on the fence." A third thought it would be a good idea for each to carry

his bird home, and keep it in a safe place. When all had spoken, and no plan could be agreed on, Jesus said, "Why should we make things, and then destroy them? Suppose we make them fly away, and enjoy themselves in the air." The boys broke out into laughter at the idea of mud-sparrows with wings. But Jesus breathed on them, and away they flew out of sight. The old story goes on to say, that the children were afraid of their wonderful companion because he had such power. They should have loved him because he had such goodness. He would give all the happiness he could. He was unwilling that even a mud-sparrow should be nothing more than a mud-sparrow. The loving heart that would give life and happiness to the smallest creatures often gives the power to do it. A tender sympathy will sometimes make the dying live.

THE DIVINE CHILD WITH HIS COMPANIONS.

THE story of the mud-sparrows shows how kind the heavenly Child was to inanimate things. He was a giver of life and joy. He would bless every thing his Father had made; and he would make nothing himself, except to bless it. If he was so noble towards his playthings, how noble must he not have been towards his playmates!

One of the neighbors had a little boy about the age of Jesus, whose name was Judas. It was the same Judas, who, as a man, joined the company of Jesus' friends, and afterward betrayed him. He was a bad boy always.

His temper was so violent, that none liked to play with him; and it was a common saying all through the village, that Judas had a devil inside of him. His favorite trick was to bite all who came near him. No punishment would correct him of this bad habit. His parents despaired of his mending. The neighbors were afraid of him, and kept their children out of his way. One day it chanced, that, as Jesus and his little friends were at play together, this Judas appeared. His mother had sent him out, thinking that the influence of Jesus, whose sweetness was favorable over the neighborhood, might be wholesome for him, and perhaps cure his terrible temper. As he came into the circle, a dead silence fell upon the merry-makers. The laughter ceased. The lads one by one crept away, and Jesus was left alone. The sight of him, as he stood still, made Judas more violent than ever: he was beside himself with rage. He uttered a fearful cry, and, rushing on Jesus, tried to bite him; but a strange power kept him away. Again and again he tried, gnashing his teeth, and foaming at his mouth; but still he did not succeed. Jesus stood, pale and quiet, looking at him, with his great blue eyes shining through their tears of pity, and seeming to look into his very heart. Failing at last to strike him with his teeth, Judas put on a cunning smile; and creeping close to the calm, beautiful boy, he dealt him a severe blow in the side. The tears of pity in the great blue eyes changed to tears of pain; a little cry escaped from the sweet lips; but, in an instant, the noble boy's arms were thrown round the neck of the furious lad, and a tender voice was murmuring in his ear words of forgiveness. On the instant, Satan went out of Judas for that time, and for many days. He became a good boy, and followed Jesus as a disciple, till avarice and ambition seized upon him, and Satan once more en-

tered into him. This Judas was Judas the betrayer; and the spear that pierced the side of Jesus on the cross entered at the same spot where the boy Judas struck.

Jesus was always kind to his playmates. It is related in these quaint old books, that once, on a beautiful summer's day, he was making merry with his companions in a lovely grove just outside of the village. They were playing king, and Jesus was king. They had made a throne of soft green turf, heaped up with wild-flowers, and placed Jesus upon it. On his head he wore a crown of palm-leaves. In his hand he held a palm-branch. A chain of white lilies was round his neck. His bright hair flowed over his shoulders in thick golden curls. The little boys and girls pretended to be subjects of the beautiful boy. They marched before him, blowing their little trumpets of reeds. They exercised before him as soldiers. They brought requests to him, bending their sunny heads and their knees.

Whoever passed that way, whether man, woman, or child, must stop, and pay homage to the child-monarch. If they did not wish to come, if they were tired, or in haste, a dozen little hands laid hold on them, and dragged them gayly up to the foot of the mimic throne; and, when once there, no one was unwilling to salute the lovely boy with the noble face and the great eyes of heavenly blue.

They had played in this way a long time, when there came along some men, bearing a sick boy on a bier. He was very pale and faint, and looked as if he would die in a moment. The children greeted the funeral-procession gravely, and said to the men, "You must stop: you cannot go farther till you have saluted our king." The men were annoyed at being brought to a halt in this way, when they were in great haste to carry the sick boy home to his mother; but the children insisted that they should

not go on till they had saluted their king. The bearers protested that they must go on; that the lad might die before he could be seen by a physician: they had not a moment to lose; and, even if the case were less urgent than it was, they could not stay for sport. Still the children would not give way; come they must, and do homage to their king. So they came, and set down the bier before Jesus, complaining to him of the rudeness of the children.

Jesus, seeing the little pale face, asked who the lad was, and what had happened to him. He had been bitten by a serpent, they said, and poisoned. "Was it far from here?" asked the boy-king. "No; but a few rods away," they replied. "Let us go to the place; and bring the sick boy too." There was nothing to be said: so the bearers led the way back to the spot they came from, followed by the young king and his courtiers. Soon they came to a cave. Jesus walked boldly in, and shortly reappeared with — what do you think, in his hand? A long snake, which he grasped firmly by the neck. Approaching the sick boy, who lay quite still, with closed eyes, and frame already stiffening, he put the snake's head to the wound, and bade him suck out the poison he had instilled. The reptile did so: the child slowly opened his eyes; the color came to his cheeks; he moved; he rose up; he looked gratefully into the face of his deliverer. The serpent lay dead at the foot of the bier.

EVILS QUICKLY KILLED IN THE SEED.

IN the hoary times of old, a host of men quitted their dwelling-places, and wandered down to the land through which the River Nile flows. They rejoiced at the sight of the magnificent river, and built huts on its banks. Soon after, the terrible monster called the crocodile came from the floods, destroying both man and beast in its horrid jaws. Then the people cried with a loud voice to their god Osiris to free them from the monster. And Osiris answered by the mouth of the wise priests, saying, "Is it not enough that the deity gave you strength and reason? He who implores for help, without using his own power, will call in vain."

Then they seized swords and staves, and besieged the monster in his marshy abode. They erected walls and dikes; and, in a few days, they completed works, which, before, they dreamed not of their power to do. So they became conscious of that hidden power, by which, in later times, the mighty pyramids and obelisks were erected; and they invented many tools, and became acquainted with arts which they did not know before.

For, by the combat against hostile powers, the dormant abilities of man are roused.

However, the people were in want of proper weapons fully to vanquish the scaly monster of the flood. They were only able to repel its attacks for a short time, and were content therewith.

By degrees, the zeal to defend themselves grew faint. The monsters increased and multiplied, and their fury became more and more terrible. Then the foolish and

degenerating people resolved to worship the crocodile as a god. Voluntarily, they offered sacrifices: the monster became more powerful than ever; but the people were sunk in cowardice and stupor.

The bow which is forever on the stretch will break at last, and the revenge will reach the tyrant. Osiris had compassion on the miserable people, and encouraged them to new exertions by the mouth of the wise priest. Then the banks of the river echoed with the shouts of the warriors, and the waters became red with the blood of the slain. The strength of the combatants began to fail: then the priest and the distressed people called to Osiris for help, and the deity listened in mercy to their cry.

A little animal, the ichneumon, appeared on the banks of the Nile.

"Behold," exclaimed the priest, "Osiris sends help!"

"How! dost thou mock us?" cried the people. Then the priest answered, and said, "Wait for the issue, and confide in the supreme power. By the hand of the deity, great things may be brought to pass by trifling means."

The number of the terrible monsters decreased visibly. The people beheld with admiration how the little animal was searching diligently for the eggs and the young of the crocodile. Thus it destroyed, in a short time, the lives of hundreds of those formidable tyrants of the Nile, and released the land of its plague, — a thing that so many heads and hands had not been able to accomplish.

"See!" said the wise priest: "if you wish to extinguish an evil, attack its germs and roots. Then a trifle may do what, afterwards, the united efforts of many will be unable to bring to pass."

THE BEST USE FOR A GIFT.

A COUNTRYMAN brought from town five of the finest peaches that were to be had. His children had never seen such before: therefore they were highly delighted to see the beautiful fruit, with its red cheeks and delicate bloom. The father divided them among his four boys, and gave one to their mother. In the evening, when the children were going into the little bedroom, he asked them, "Well, how did you like the nice peaches?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy. "It is a delicious fruit, of so luscious and delicate a flavor! I have taken care of the stone, and mean to grow a tree."

"Well done!" answered the father. "It is the duty of a countryman to be economical, and to think of the future."

"I ate mine up directly," exclaimed the youngest, "and threw the stone away; and mother gave me half of hers. Oh, how sweet it was! how it melts in one's mouth!"

"Well," said the father, "you have not done very wisely, but, at all events, like a child. You have still time enough in life to become prudent."

Then the second son began, "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and opened it. There was a kernel inside as sweet as an almond; but I sold my own peach, and received so much money for it, that I may buy a dozen when I go to town."

The father shook his head, and said, "That is cleverly

done, but not like a child. Heaven preserve thee from becoming a trader!"

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father.

Edmund answered frankly, "I took my peach to the son of our neighbor, sick George, who has the fever. He would not take it: so I put it down on his bed, and went away."

"Well," said the father, "who has made the best use of his peach?" Then all the boys exclaimed, "Brother Edmund!" Edmund was silent, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

THE INVISIBLE KING.

IN a distant country in the East, there lived a little tribe in idolatry and superstition. It came to pass that they quarrelled about the succession, and agreed, at last, to choose a stranger to govern them.

They met a man of the house of Israel, of the name of Abiah, and chose him for their king. It was about the time that Shalmaneser had destroyed the house of Israel, and scattered the Israelites throughout the world.

Abiah, who was a pious man, was greatly grieved that he should reign over an idolatrous nation; and, when they refused to leave their idols, he was very wroth. But the Spirit of the Lord spake to him, "Thinkest thou I cannot destroy their idols? And yet I suffer the sun to shine upon them. Go, and do thou likewise."

Then Abiah suffered them, and reigned wisely; for he thought, "Perhaps my son may be successful." When the hour came that he should die, he said to the people, "Behold, I shall die, and my son will be your king. You have not yet seen his face; but ye shall know his government by the fruits thereof. Follow him: he will lead you wisely."

The people promised to do so: and, when Abiah was dead, they obeyed the unknown sovereign, and prospered greatly; for his doings were like those of a father, and the commands that issued from his gates were full of wisdom, justice, and kindness. Like the beams of the sun, the favor of the unknown monarch was spread abroad over all the inhabitants of the land; and, wherever there was want, the king's help was sure to come. Then they all marvelled, and said, "We see him not: how can he see us?" For he lived concealed in his house, and no man had beheld his face.

The people longed, therefore, the more to see and to bless him; and they said, "We have our gods before our eyes, and can see and handle them: why may we not see the face of the king, who is more to us than a father?"

Others made images of him, according to their own imaginings; and each man said of his own, "Behold, this is he: he must be like unto this!"

At last, their desire became very great; and the people assembled before the gates of the palace, and implored with one voice, "Oh, let our lord, the king, suffer us to behold his face!"

Thereupon the high gates were opened, and the king came forth, clothed in simple raiment, and said, "Behold, I am your king!"

Then the people blessed him, and shouted for joy;

but, when they looked fixedly at him, they were astonished, and cried, "We know thy face!" For he had often walked among them, but they had not known him, thinking him to be a servant or a stranger.

Then the king beckoned with his hand; and, when silence prevailed, he lifted up his voice, and said, "Now you see that I am a man like you. Think ye that these hands and feet, these eyes and lips, which are mortal and perishable, have reigned over you? Not so. That which has guided, blessed, and gladdened you through me, ye cannot see; neither can I see it.

"Can you see wisdom and kindness and justice? They were near to you when I walked, unrecognized, among you. Now you see me; but you do not see them. Then judge ye what is in my earthly form. Can the visible create the invisible? And that which is in me also is not mine, but His who made me your king."

Thus spoke this excellent prince; and the people returned to their homes, blessing and thanking him. And they broke in pieces the pictures and images which they had made of him. Soon after, they also broke their idols, and believed in Him who is invisible.

A PARABLE OF CONSCIENCE.

IN a village on the Rhine, a schoolmaster was one day teaching in his school: and the sons and daughters of the villagers sat around, listening with pleasure; for his teaching was healthful and kindly. He was speaking of the good and bad conscience, and of the still voice of the heart. After he had finished speaking, he asked his pupils, "Who among you is able to tell me a parable on this matter?"

One of the boys stood forth, and said, "I think I can tell a parable; but I do not know whether it be right."

"Speak in your own words," answered the master. And the boy began: "I compare the calmness of a good conscience, and the disquiet of an evil one, to two paths on which I walked once. When the enemy passed through our village, the soldiers carried off by force my dear father and our horse. When my father did not come back, my mother and all of us wept and mourned bitterly, and she sent me to the town to inquire for him. I went: but, late at night, I came back sorrowfully; for I had not found my father. It was a dark night in autumn. The wind roared and howled in the oaks and firs, and between the rocks; the night-ravens and owls were shrieking and hooting; and I thought in my soul how we had lost my father, and of the misery of my mother when she should see me return alone.

"A strange terror seized me in the dreary night, and each trembling leaf terrified me. Then I thought to myself, 'Such must be the feelings of a man's heart who has a bad conscience.'"

"My children," said the master, "would you like to walk in the darkness of night, seeking in vain for your dear father, and hearing nought but the roar of the storm and the screams of the beasts of prey?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed all the children, shuddering.

Then the boy resumed his tale, and said, "Another time, I went the same way with my sister. We had been fetching many nice things from town for a feast, which father was secretly preparing for mother, to surprise her the next day. It was late when we returned; but it was in spring: the sky was bright and clear; and all was so calm, that we could hear the gentle murmur of the rivulet by the way, and on all sides nightingales were singing. I was walking hand in hand with my sister; but we were so delighted, that we hardly liked to speak. Then our good father came to meet us. Now I thought again to myself, 'Such must be the state of a man who has done much good.'"

When the boy had finished his tale, the master looked kindly at the children, and they said earnestly, "Yes: we will become good men."

A CHRISTMAS SERVICE.

1.

CAROL.

2.

SCRIPTURE LESSON:

JOHN i. 1–17. LUKE i. 68, &c.; xi. 4–15.

3.

IT was the calm and silent night:
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night:
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphant arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway.
What recked the Roman, what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen, through a half-shut stable-door,
Across his path. He passed; for nought
Told what was going on within:
How keen the stars, his only thought!
The air how calm and cold and thin!
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Oh strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed;
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night:
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now.
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name was given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Alfred Dommett.

4.

Hymn or Song.

5.

Lessons or Address.

6.

Festivities.

7.

Christmas Carol.

8.

Benediction.

THE OLD YEAR.

1.

HYMN.

2.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

SERVICE-BOOK, p. 96. 1 THESS. chap. v.

3.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, — let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly-dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes;
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

4.

Hymn or Song.

5.

Lessons or Address.

6.

TASTE AND CHOICE.

THE Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorough, —
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward!

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark portal, —
Goal of all mortal:
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror, —
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The worlds and the ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

"Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work, and despair not."

7.

HYMN.

8.

BENEDICTION.

THE NEW YEAR.

1.

HYMN.

2.

SCRIPTURE LESSON:

REVELATION xxi., xxii.

3.

THE NEW YEAR.

YON bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be ;
And let the brown meadow-lark's note, as he ranges,
Come over, come over, to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol, by fall or by swelling,
No magical sense conveys;
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells, I forgive you. Your good days are over;
And mine — they are yet to be.
No listening, no longing, shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
And hangeth her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
Oh! children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish, that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late,
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster;
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head,
"The child is a woman; the book may close over;
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story: the birds cannot sing it, —
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it; but long years, oh, bring it,
Such as I wish it to be!

Jean Ingelow.

4.

Hymn or Song.

5.

Lessons or Address.

6.

Recitation:

THE SILENT LAND.

INTO the Silent Land,
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thickly on the strand:
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh! thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls, the Future's pledge and band!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land.

Longfellow (from Salis).

7.

HYMN OR SONG.

8.

BENEDICTION.

EASTER.

1.

HYMN.

2.

SCRIPTURE LESSON:

JOHN xx. 1 COR. xv.

3.

AWAKE, thou wintry earth!
Fling off thy sadness!
Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth
Your ancient gladness!
Christ is risen!

Wave, woods, your blossoms all;
Grim Death is dead!
Ye weeping funeral-trees,
Lift up your head!
Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;
It is light: let's go
Where our loved ones rest
In hope below.
Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new,
Full of spring and light:
Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue
Of sleep and night?
Christ is risen!

Leave thy cares beneath;
Leave thy worldly love;
Begin the better life
With God above!
Christ is risen!

Thomas Blackburn.

4.

EASTER CAROL.

LET the merry church-bells ring;
Hence with tears and sighing:
Frost and cold have fled from spring;
Life hath conquered dying;
Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,
Sunny is the weather:
With our risen Lord, to-day,
All things rise together.

Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him with whom in vain
Sin hath sought to grapple.
Sounds of joy come loud and clear
As the breezes flutter:
"He arose, and is not here,"
Is the strain they utter.

Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth, —
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day he liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay
Out of sorrow's prison,
Since the very grave can say,
"Christ — he hath arisen!"

5.

LESSONS OR ADDRESS.

6.

FESTIVITIES.

7.

HYMN OR SONG.

8.

BENEDICTION.

WHITSUNDAY.

1.

HYMN.

2.

SCRIPTURE LESSON:

ISA. lv. JOHN iii.

3.

COME, deck our feast to-day
With flowers and wreaths of May;
And bring an offering holy, pure, and sweet.
The Spirit of all grace
Makes earth his dwelling-place:
Prepare your hearts your Lord with joy to meet!

O golden rain from heaven!
Thy precious drops be given
Upon the Church's waiting, thirsty field;

And let thy waters flow,
Where'er the sowers sow
The seed of Truth, that living fruit it yield.

Come, O thou trackless wind!
Breathe quickening o'er our mind;
Let not the flesh to rule the soul aspire!
O sunshine of pure love!
Thy sweet glow let us prove,
And fill our hearts with thy soft, quenchless fire.

O Spirit! stir our will
Its high aims to fulfil;
Be with us always when we go and come;
Deep in our spirits dwell,
And make their inmost cell
Thy temple pure, thine ever-holy home.

Schmolck.

4.

HYMN OR SONG.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

COME, thou Almighty Will!
Our fainting bosoms fill
With thy great power:
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hours' defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come in this hour!

Come, thou most tender Love!
Within our spirits move, —
  Their sweetest guest;
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
  Quickener and Rest.

Come, Light serene and still!
Our darkened spirits fill
  With thy clear day;
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
  Show us thy way!

5.

LESSON OR ADDRESS.

6.

HYMN OR SONG.

O LOVE divine, whose constant beam
  Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream!
  Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
  All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
  On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

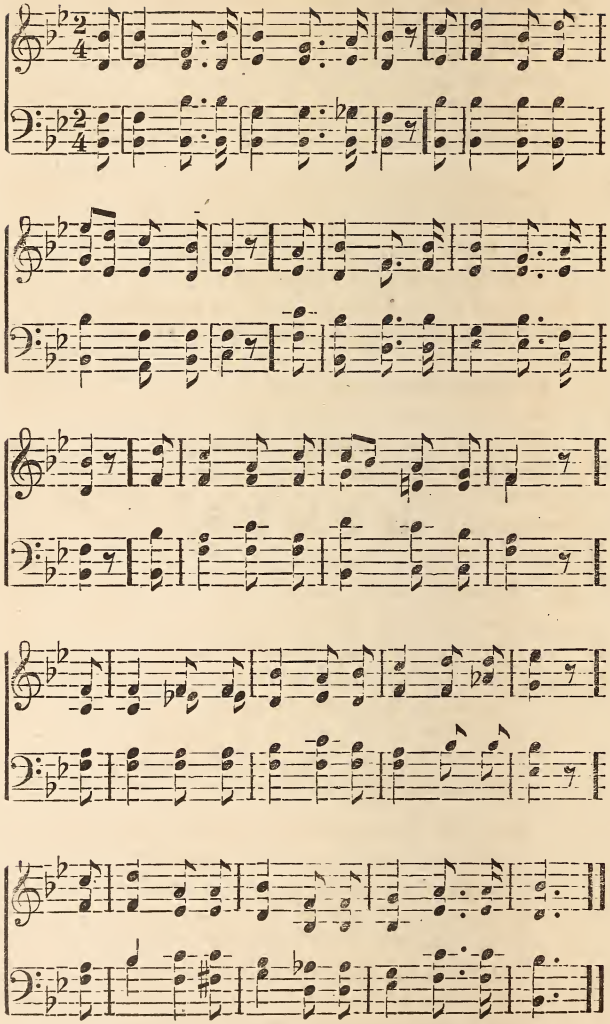
Nor bounds nor clime nor creed thou know'st;
Wide as our need thy favors fall:
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

7.

BENEDICTION.

PART IV.

H Y M N S.



1 Our Father! we thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
We bless the kind care that doth keep
Thy children from being distressed :
Oh, how in their weakness, shall children repay
Thy fatherly kindness, by night and by day ?

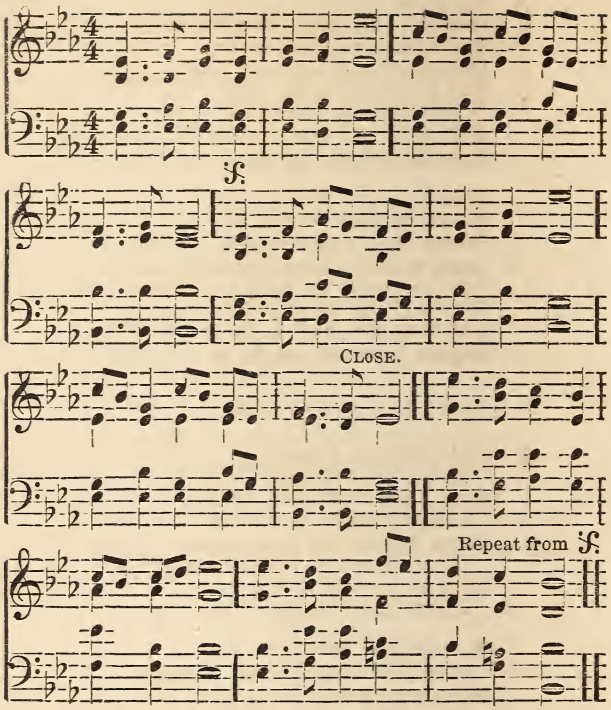
Our voices shall utter thy praise.
Our hearts shall o'erflow with thy love ;
Oh, teach us to walk in thy ways,
And lift us earth's trials above !
The heart's true affection is all we can give ;
In love's pure devotion, oh, help us to live !

So long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth we should stay,
We pray thee to guard us by night,
And help us to serve thee by day ;
And when all the days of this life shall be o'er,
Receive us in heaven, to serve thee the more.

---

2 Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me !
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,—
Gives me all I have of good,
Compasses with angel-bands,
Bids them bear me in their hands ;
Parents, friends, 'twas God bestowed ;
Life and all descend from God.

Man, we for his kindness love ;
How much more our God above ;
Unto him we'll ever give
Thanks for all that we receive ;
Unto him we'll tune our song,
Happy as the day is long :
"This my joy forever be—
God Almighty cares for me ! "



2 Father, now to thee we raise
Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
Let thy blessing on us rest,
With thy smile may we be blest;
Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
For the truths of heart and mind,
For the love and watchful care,
That have blessed us through the year.

Thou hast given us friends most dear,
Parents, teachers, pastor, here,
Who for us both watch and pray,
And would lead in thy right way.
Father, may we hear their voice,
Make religion our first choice,
Onward press, and upward move,
Filling life with deeds of love.

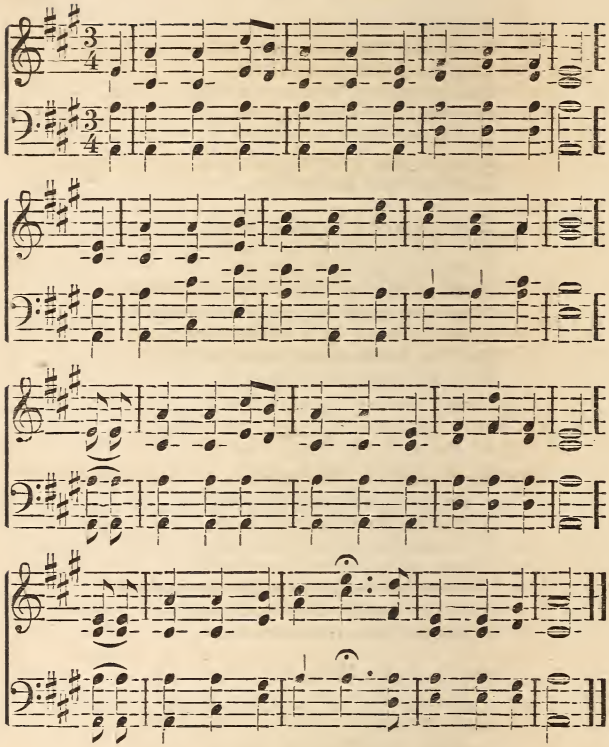
3 Father, be our guide in youth,
Lead us in the paths of truth;
May we thy true children be,
Honest, loving, brave, and free;
May we love to do thy will,
In the world our part fulfil,
And, as year by year goes by,
Grow in truth and purity.

Foes we know are to be met,
Snares the path of life beset;
Clouds upon the valley rest,
Rough and dark the mountain's breast:
Therefore guide us, make us strong,
Keep us, Lord, from going wrong;
And the faults which make us fall,
Help us, Lord, to conquer all.

---

4 Little trav'lers, Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest;
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns his followers win—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from Islands of the main."

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky!
Each the welcome 'Come' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin!"—
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
Let the little travelers in!

5 Approach not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust;
Oh! serve him with gladness—the loving and just!

His bounty is tender, his being is love;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above;
Confiding, believing, oh! enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise!

Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled!

6

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems me when opprest.

Through the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

7

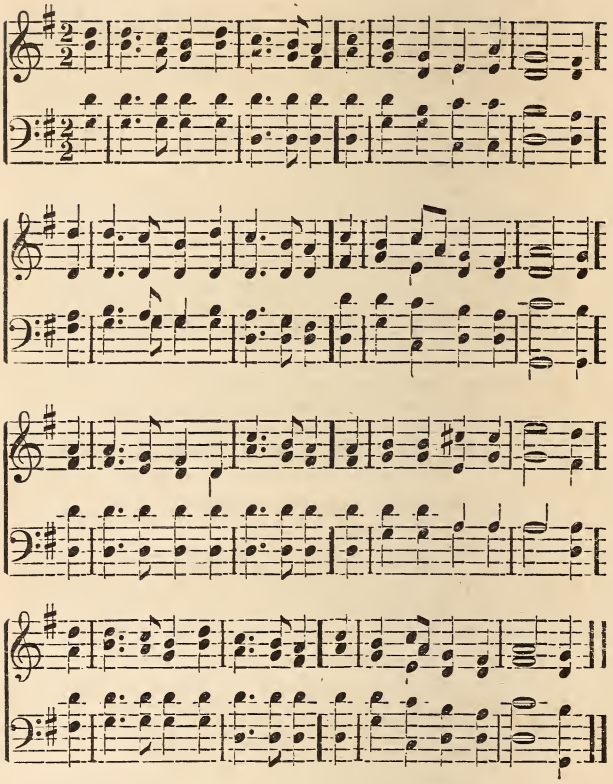
How dear is the thought that the angels of God
May bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some sinner to save from his darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given;
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

8

Acquaint yourselves early, dear children, with God,
And joy, like the sunbeam, shall beam on your road;
And peace, like the dewdrop, shall fall on your head,
And sleep, like an angel shall visit your bed.



9 The seraphs bright are hovering
Around the throne above,
Their harps are ever tuning
To thrilling tones of love.
Or through the azures soaring,
Or poised on snowy wing,
With glowing hearts adoring,
Sweet choral notes they sing.

From earth is daily rising
A rich, harmonious song,
From sunny, perfumed flowers
By breezes borne along.

From hills in sunlight glittering,
From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising
Like incense on the breeze.

And childhood's voice is chanting
A full, harmonious song,
When morning light is breaking,
Or evening sweeps along.
For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosanna raise.

---

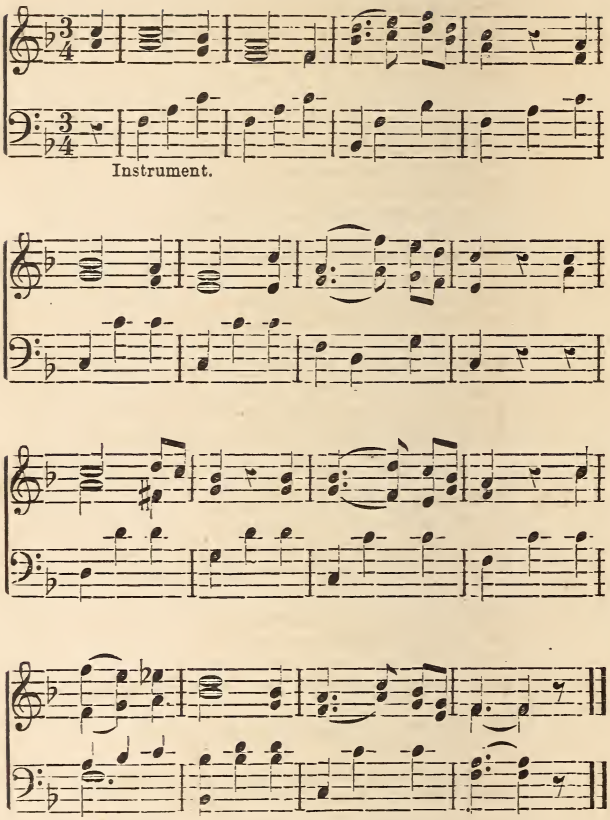
10 Now to our loving Father, God,
A gladsome song begin ;
His smile is on the world abroad,
His joy our hearts within.
We need not, Lord, our gladness leave,
To worship thee aright ;
Our joyfulness for praise receive !
Thou mak'st our lives so bright !

We turn to God a smiling face,
He smiles on us again ;
He loves to see our cheerfulness,
And hear our gladsome strain.
The pure in heart are always glad ;
The smile of God they feel :
He doth the secret of his joy
To blameless hearts reveal.

---

11 How beautiful the setting sun !
The clouds how bright and gay !
The stars appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they !
And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high,
How beautiful is night !

And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far ?
Glows there within this little breast
That which outshines each star ?
Yes : should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.



12 Father, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore;
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.

---

13 God is so good that he will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy word declares,
That, as a tender father will,
He listens to our lowly prayers,
And what we need will grant us still.

He loves to hear a youthful tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given;
And when on earth his praise is sung
By children's lips, 't is heard in heaven.

---

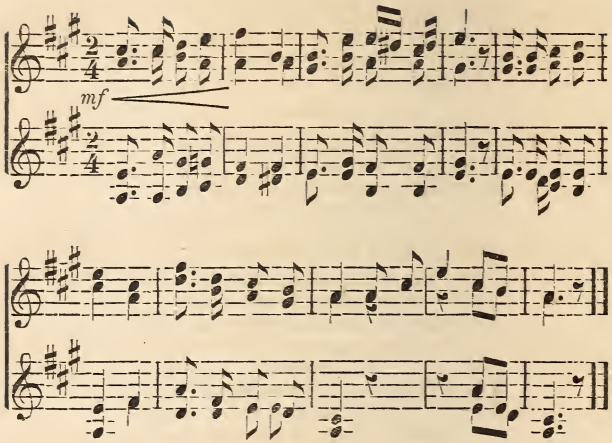
14 New every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Do hover round us as we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Do thou, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.



15 Morn amid the mountains,
Lovely solitude,
Gushing streams and fountains,
Murmur, "God is good."

Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

Hymns of praise are ringing,
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."

Wake, and join the chorus,
Man, with soul endued!
He, whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God is good.

---

16 Hand in hand with angels,
Through the world we go;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one,
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

---

17 Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the solid land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

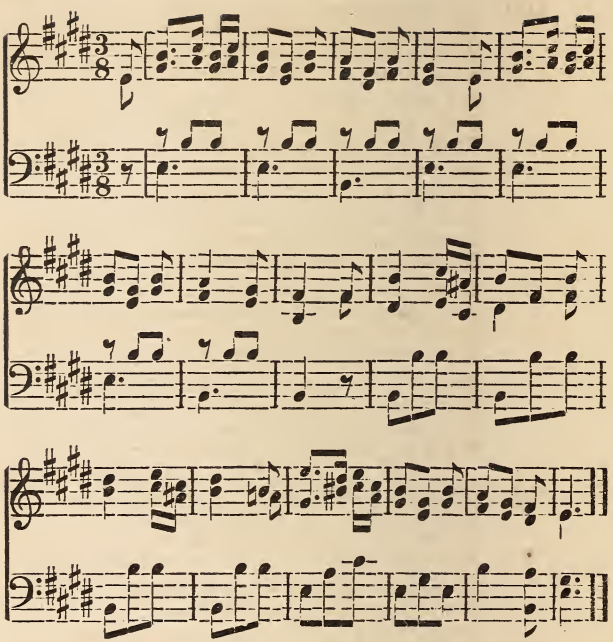
So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

---

18 Pluck the rose while blooming;
Now 'tis fresh and bright;
Wait not till to-morrow;
Time is swift in flight.

Do thy deeds of kindness
Ere to-morrow's light;
What may come, we know not;
Time is swift in flight.

Would'st thou make life useful,
Work before 'tis night;
Else thou'llt be regretting,
Time is swift in flight.



19 Sing to the Lord, and loud proclaim
His mighty and his loving name!
Oh, may he not be named alone,
But by our sure experience known!

Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same?

To thee our souls in faith arise;
To thee we lift expectant eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

20 Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn;
And he accepts the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside,
From holy offerings at noon-tide;
Then here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

Look up to heaven! th' obedient sun
Already half his race has run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

Help with thy grace, throughout life's day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

---

21 Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

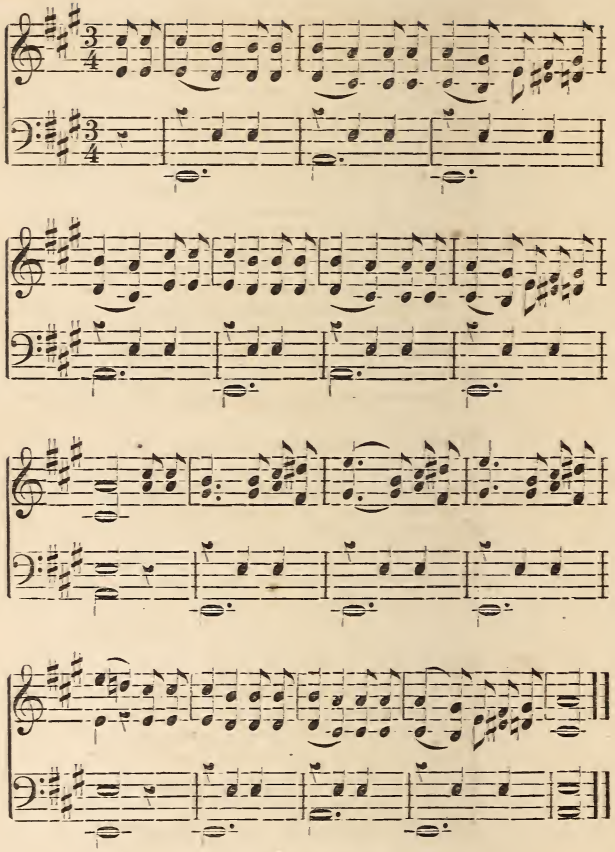
The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sovereign right is his;
'T is moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

---

22 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.



23 Lo, the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps his children lest they fall:
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting in him, all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
God provideth for the morrow.

---

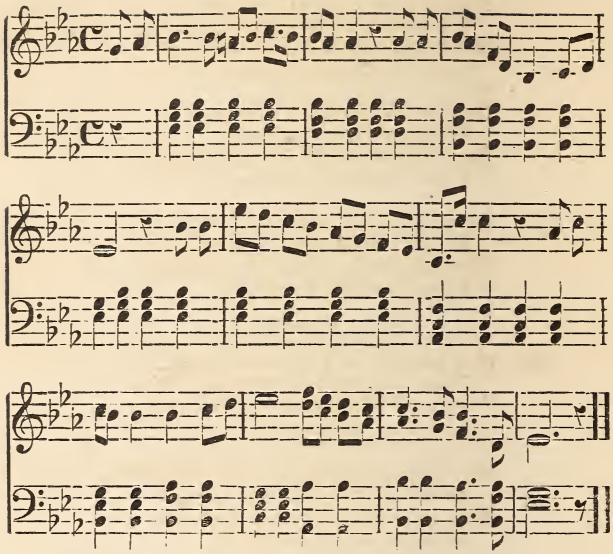
24 Gracious God, our heavenly Father!
Meet and bless our school, we pray;
As in humble trust we gather,
Teachers, scholars, here to-day.
Every joy, and every blessing,
From thy bounteous hand we own;
May thy love, our souls possessing,
Draw us nearer to thy throne.

Weak, imperfect, tempted, erring,
From thy precepts, Lord, we stray;
Let thy spirit, from our wandering,
Bring us back to virtue's way.
Humble, penitent, confiding,
May we rest our hope in thee;
In thy favor, Lord, abiding,
In thy peace and purity.

---

25 Father, now to thee we raise
Grateful songs and hymns of praise;
Let thy blessing on us rest,
With thy smile may we be blest:
Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
For the truths of heart and mind,
For the love and watchful care,
That have blessed us through the year.

Father, be our guide in youth,
Lead us in the paths of truth;
May we thy true children be,
Honest, loving, brave, and free;
May we love to do thy will,
In the world our part fulfil;
And, as year by year goes by,
Grow in truth and purity.



26 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven.

Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

---

27 Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

---

28 God has said—"For ever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth—
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."

Be our strength, when we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Father's side.

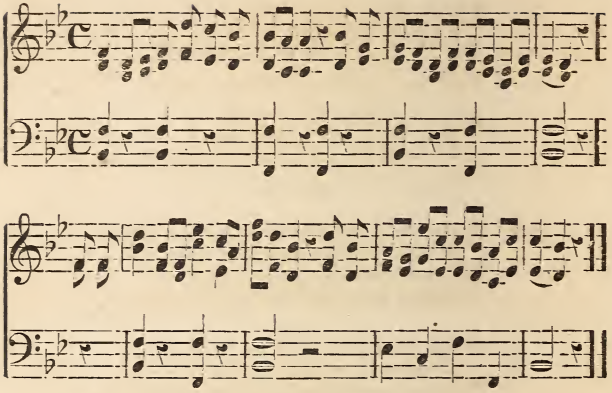
Then, when evening shades shall gather,
Shall our faithful footsteps come
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our blessed spirit-home.

---

29 In our childhood's morning, Father,
While the world is bright and fair,
We would in thy temple gather,
Find our truest pleasures there.

Fain would we upon thy altar
Lay the hearts that should be thine,
But our feeble footsteps falter—
Guide us by thy light divine.

Shield us in temptation's trial;
Be our strength when we are weak;
Aid us in each self-denial;
Make us loving, truthful, meek.



30 Life is not a fleeting shadow,
Or a wave upon the beach;
Though our days be swift, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each.

Life is ours for faithful labor,
Of the hand, or of the thought;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living meaning fraught.

Waking every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or service
Mark it as a holy day.

Work! our Father worketh ever!
He who works not cannot play:
Work for use, or work for beauty,
So sweet rest shall crown each day.

---

31 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this earthly land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with thy heavenly manna,
In the barren wilderness;
Teach my lips to sing hosanna
To the Lord of righteousness.

---

32 Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew!
When the world, again created,
Beams with beauties fair and new!

Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant with the flowers!
Praise, thou willow by the brookside!
Praise, ye birds among the bowers!

Praise the Lord! and may his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth,
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

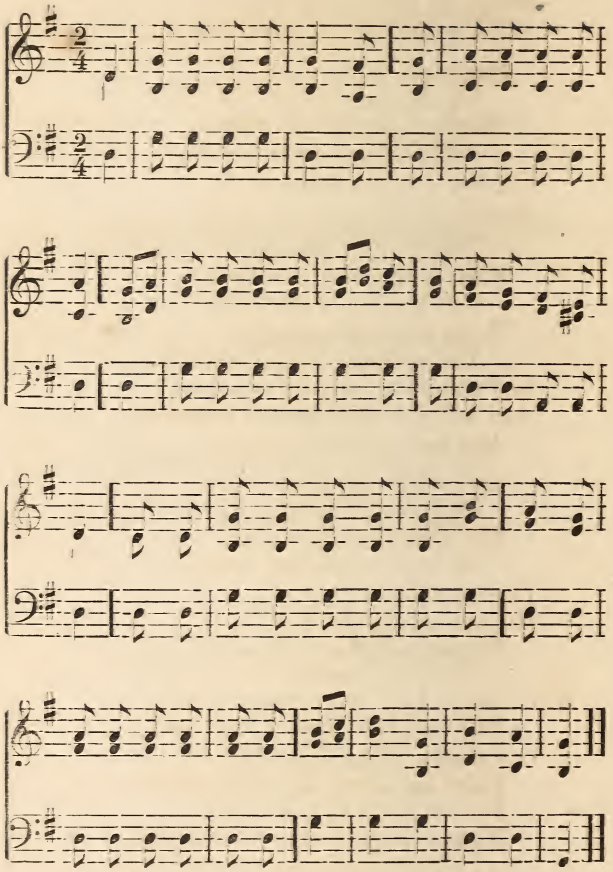
---

33 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.



34 Come, join the noble army
Who battle for the Right,
Come, join the noble army!
Our watchword, "Right is Might."
With the Cross upon our banner,

While our voices sing hosanna,
We're Children of the Light.

March on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win!
March on, ye little soldiers,
Till you have conquered sin!
For see, Jesus is before you,
And the Lord is ever o'er you,
And heart and hope within.

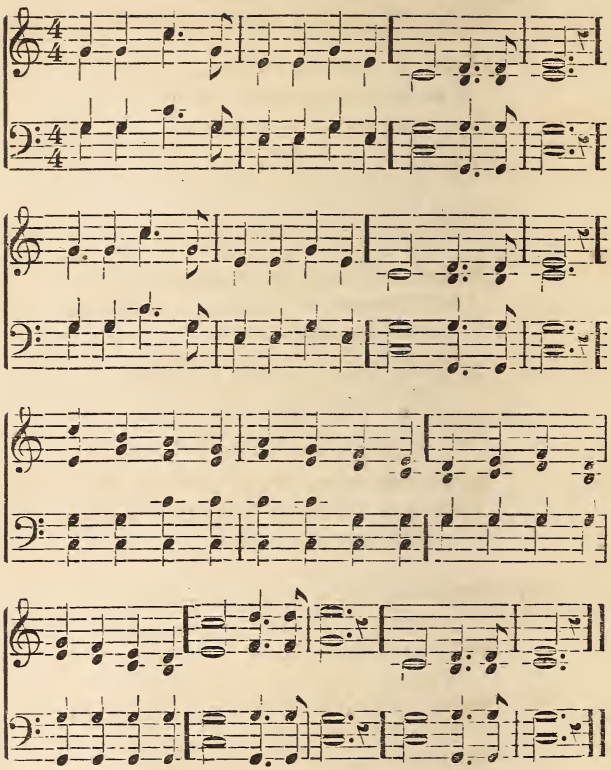
Then do not be discouraged,
But bear up to the end;
O, do not be discouraged,
But with the Wrong contend.
God will make his sons victorious,
And will give them visions glorious,
And keep them to the end.

And when the conflict's over,
With all the noble band,
The glorious conflict over,
As victors you shall stand,
Crying, Liberty for ever!
Crying, Liberty for ever,
Through all the holy land!

---

35 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me loving, meek, and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me, Lord, thy holy child;
From distrust and envy free;
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows beneath his father's eyes
He is never left alone;
So would I with thee abide,
Thou, my Father, Guard, and Guide!



36 Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right!

Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!

Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
God speed the right!

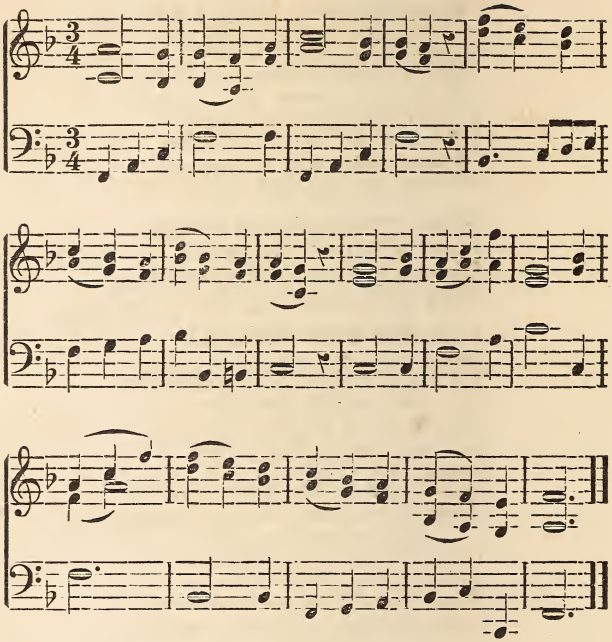
Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Never loss nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, our cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

---

37 Shall this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And my soul remain unfilled?
Shall the God-given hours be scattered
Like the leaves upon the plain?
Shall the blossoms lie unwatered
By the drops of heavenly rain?

Shall this heart spend all its treasures
On the things that fade and die?
Shall it love the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?
No; I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin;
No; I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within.



38 Saviour! to the living well
Thou hast brought our little feet;
Where its purest waters swell,
Thou hast made our safe retreat.

Other lambs, to thee as dear,
Wander in the desert bare,
Thirsting for the fountain clear,
Fainting in the sultry air.

We would lead them to thy side,
That, like us, they may be blest;
Tender Shepherd! be their guide
To the pastures of our rest.

We would bring them to the spring
Of thy never-failing love;
Let its waters murmuring
All their pain and thirst remove,—

Till within their hearts that wave,
Source of hidden life, shall be;
Welling up to bless and save,
Springing to eternity.

---

39 Praise to God; oh! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise;
Of that goodness let us sing,
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

Praise to Him who made the light;
Praise to Him who gave us sight;
Praise to Him who formed the ear;
He our humble praise will hear.

Praise Him for our happy hours;
Praise Him for our varied powers;
For these thoughts that soar above;
For these hearts he made for love.

For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin;
Praise to Him whose tender care
Keeps the watchful guardian there!

Praise the mercy that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend;
Praise Him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

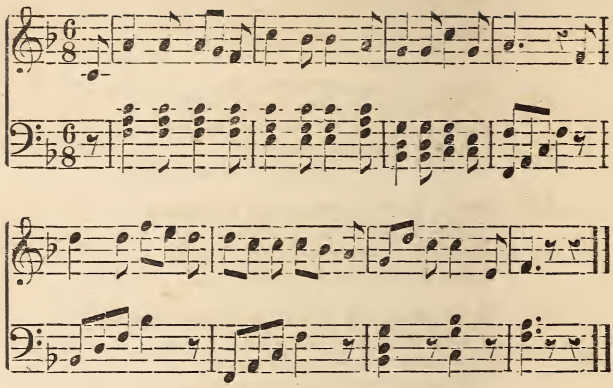
---

40 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



41 I loved a song-bird of the spring,
I loved its warbling lay;
But, ah! my singer spread his wing,
And rose, and soared away.

I loved a butterfly so fair,
With wings all golden bright;
Among the tulips rich and rare
It wandered from my sight.

I loved a rose, I loved it best
Of all I yet had found;
But when the sun had reached the west,
Its bright leaves strewed the ground.

What can I love that takes not flight,
Nor fades with breeze or blast?
Oh, love the truth! the truth both bright
And beautiful will last.

42 Now that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come before I farther run,
And give myself to God.

And lest I should be ever led
In sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In virtue's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell;
But, if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

Father, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I need ask no more.

---

43 Lord! I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessing here,
But what is sent from heaven.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight
In darkness or in day.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

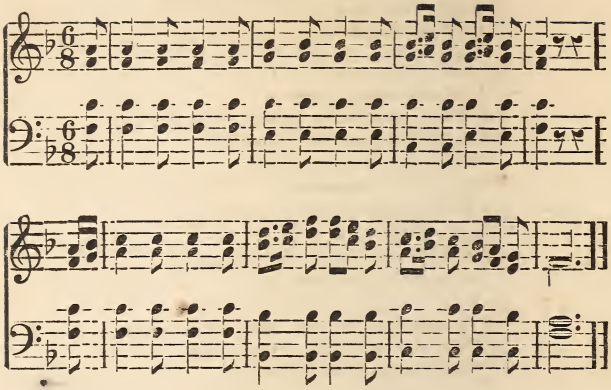
---

44 We love the Father—He's so good;
We see him in the flower;
We hear him in the rain-drop;
He speaketh in the shower.

His smile is in the sunlight,
His beauty in the bow;
We hear his whisper in the breeze,
And in the zephyr low.

His wisdom's in the dew-drop
That sparkles on the lea;
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love in all we see.

In every thing we look upon,
His image we can see;
We love the Father—He's so good,
And teaches us to be.



45 There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.

There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a star, whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.

Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er we turn the eye;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

---

46 My God, my Father—blissful name—
O may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrow fly;

What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
Oh bend my will to thine.

Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh give me strength to bear;
But let me know my Father reigns,
I'll trust his tender care.

---

47 Be thou, O God, by night, by day,
My guard, my guide from sin,
My life, my trust, my light divine,
To keep me pure within.

Pure as the air, when day's first light
A cloudless sky illumes,
And active as the lark that soars
Till heaven shines round its plumes.

So may my soul, upon the wings
Of faith, unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise.

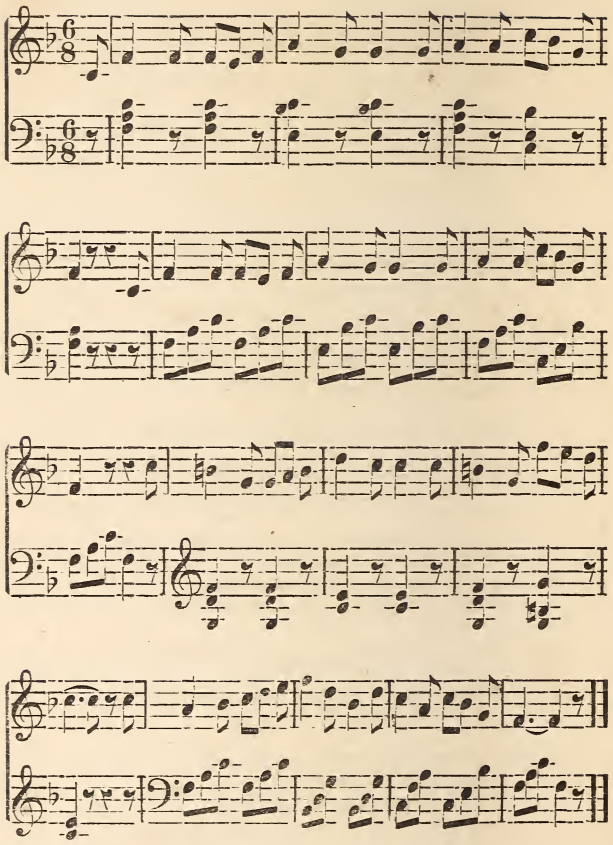
---

48 The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth! the present hour;
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always—do it now—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.



49 The bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee.
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

---

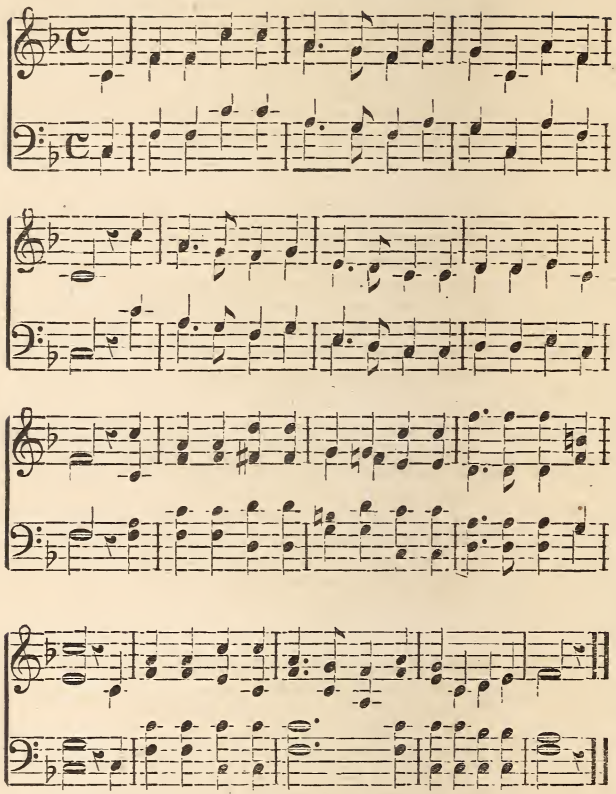
50 What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?
What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?
Go thou, and strive to do thy share;—
One talent,—less than thine,—
Improved with steady zeal and care,
Would gain rewards divine.

---

51 When warmer suns, and bluer skies,
Proclaim the opening year,
What happy sounds of life arise,
What lovely scenes appear!
Earth with her thousand voices sings
Her song of gladsome praise;
And every blade of grass that springs,
God's loving law obeys.

The wind-flower and the violet fair
Reflect the morning sky;
The birds make music in the air,
The brook goes singing by.
Like this spring morning, sweet and clear,
That greets our opening eyes,
The spring of heaven's eternal year
Shall bring new earth and skies.



52 O God, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.
In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still

If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.
So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And Heaven its happiness.

---

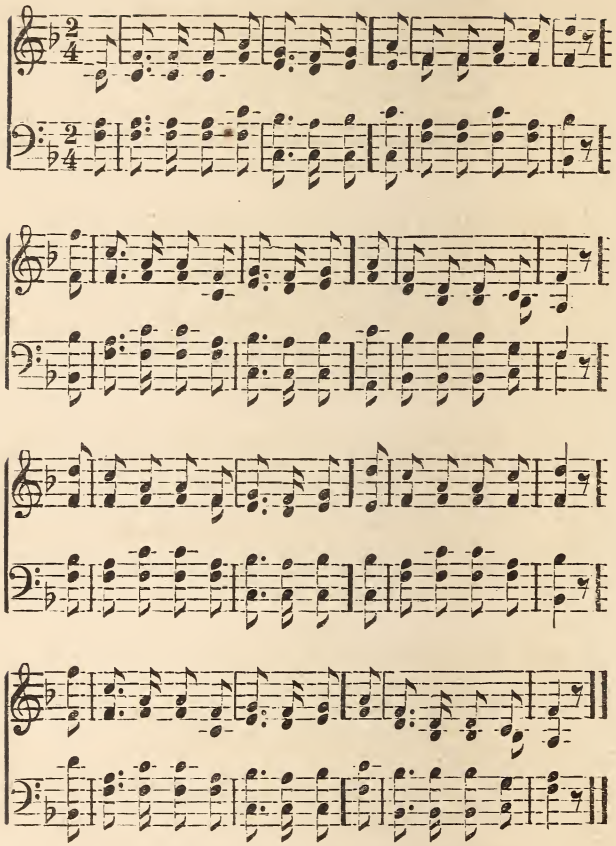
53 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word!—
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!—

When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

---

54 Even he, who lit the stars of old,
And filled the ocean broad,
Whose works and ways are manifold—
Our Father is our God.
There comes no change upon his years,
No failure to his hand;
His love will lighten all our cares,
His law our steps command.

Then, as his children we may come,
For he hath called us near,
And bade our souls take courage from
The love that casts out fear.
Lord, while on earth we work and pray,
For good withheld or given,
Help us in faith and love to say,
Father, who art in heaven!



55 The sweet June days are come again;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields;
And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love, and joy, and prayer.

The sweet June days are come again,
The birds are on the wing,
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all our good,
And, 'neath the arches dim,
And ancient pillars of the wood,
We lift our grateful hymn.

---

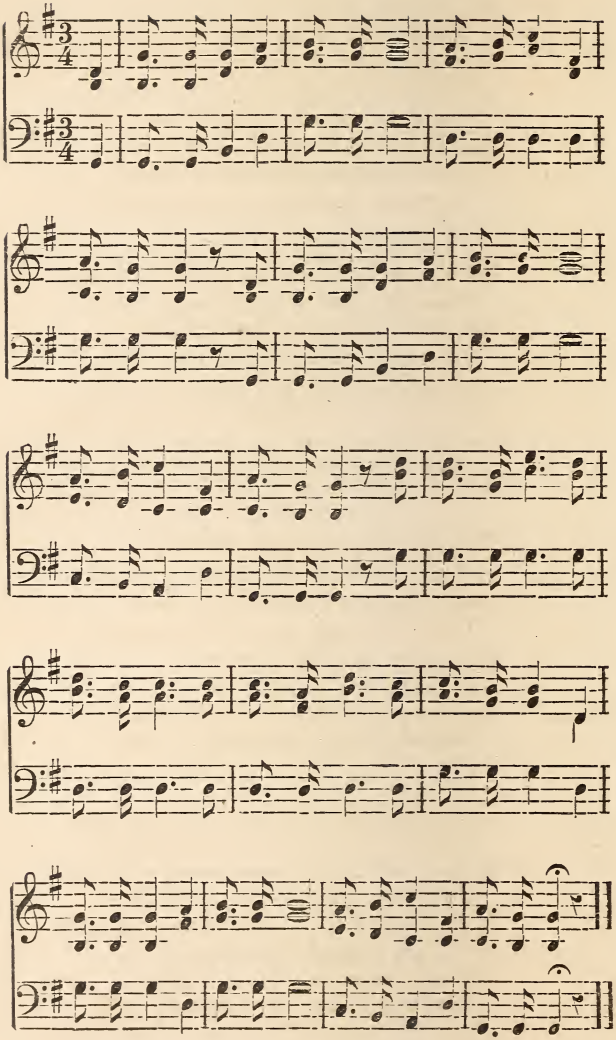
56 Lord! I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.
'Tis thou preservest me from death,
And dangers every hour;
I cannot draw another breath
Unless thou giv'st me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight
In darkness, or by day.
Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

---

57 Another hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that leads to heaven.
O, half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms;
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.
Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

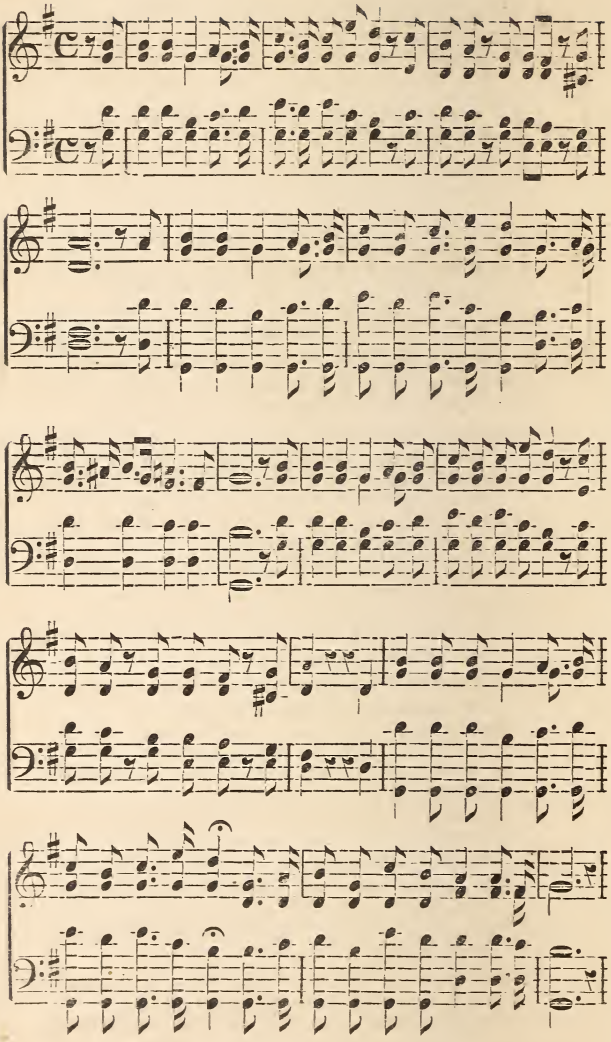


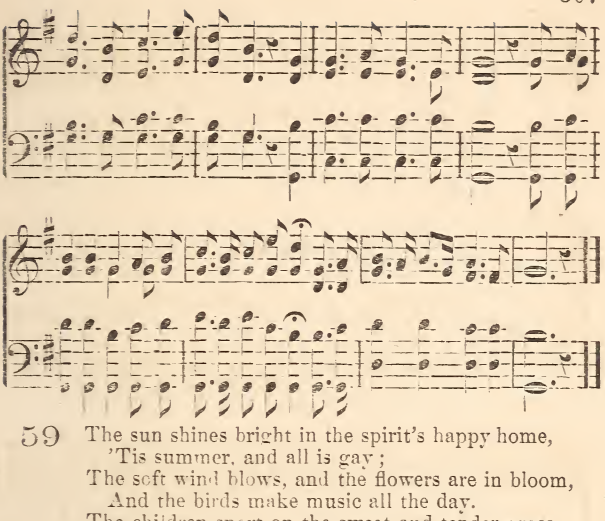
58 Oh, home of Love! we sing of thee,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
In joyous tones of melody,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
Thy skies are clear, thy fields are fair,
And flowers perfume the balmy air,
And all is bright and radiant there,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!

We know thy homes are bright and fair,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
We know our loved ones gather there,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
And troops of children dance and play,
And weave sweet flowers in garlands gay,
And gain new beauties day by day,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land.

Oh! let the voices that we love,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
Speak from the radiant home above,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
Oh! let us feel the glory there
Encompass us like summer air,
And keep us from all sin and care,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!

Thy flowers shall strew our earthly way,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
Bright eyes shall make our night as day,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!
We'll tread with courage then, and faith;
For every rugged way earth hath
May be to thy dear shore a path,
Heavenly land, our heavenly land!





59 The sun shines bright in the spirit's happy home,
'Tis summer, and all is gay;
The soft wind blows, and the flowers are in bloom,
And the birds make music all the day.
The children sport on the sweet and tender grass,
So happy, and all so bright,
So we, when our toil and our sorrow all shall pass,
Will be sharers in that home of delight.

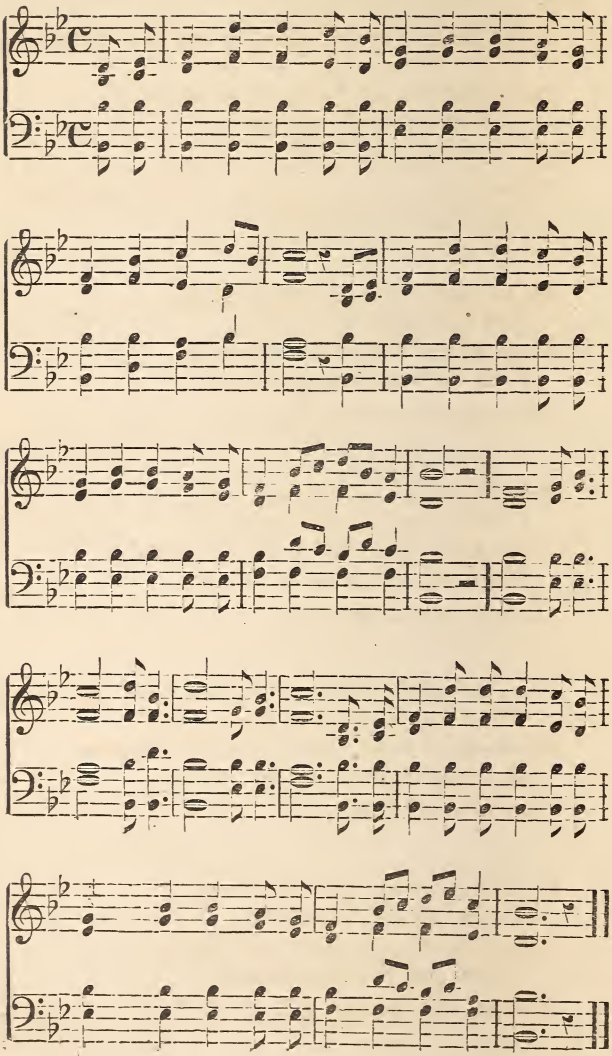
Chorus.—Weep no more in sorrow, oh! weep no more in fear:
We will sing a song of the sweet heavenly home,
The beautiful home that is near.

There they toil no more in weariness and pain,
For folly, or pleasure, or pride;
But Love is weaving her golden chain,
And is reaching her hand to guide.
So the days go by like the sunshine on the heart,
With a light and joyous tread;
The time never comes when the loving ones must part,
Or sigh for the joys that are fled.

Chorus.—Weep no more, &c.

Oh! ye heavenly ones, still gently o'er us bend,
And lead us with gentle hand;
Yet a little while, and our sorrows here will end,
Then we'll join with your happy band.
Yet a little while—then keep us brave and glad,
And give us your blessed light;
And we'll sing on our way a happy, happy song,
Of the sweet summer home so bright.

Chorus.—Weep no more, &c.



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In the twilight hours, 'mid the breath of flowers,
When the soul in silence dwells,
Sweet echoes come from the far-off Home,
Like the voice of evening bells.

Chorus.—O brother! O sister! loved, joyous, free!
We will walk hand in hand to the Beautiful Land,
Till its golden shores we see.

There summer bright forever glows,
And love immortal beams;
There waters flow in rippling song
From life's abounding streams.

Chorus.—O brother, &c.

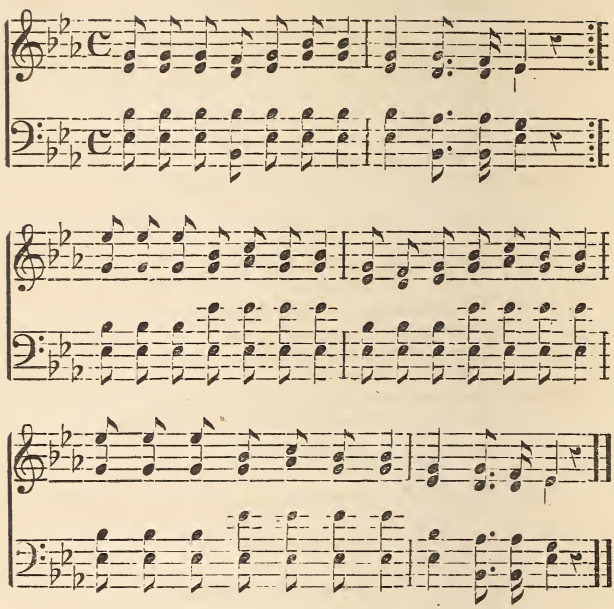
There lilies bloom of purest white,
In hearts whom earth knew not;
There weary souls find heavenly peace,
When sorrow's work is wrought.

Chorus.—O brother, &c.

From the golden shore, where our loved ones stand,
While they watch with eager eyes,
Sweet voices come, and they call us home—
To the home in the radiant skies.

Chorus.—O brother, &c.

O children! sing in joyous notes,
Of the blessed Angel-land;
And let us walk in Love and Truth,
Till we join that happy band.

Chorus.—O brother, &c.

61 Kind words can never die,
Cherished and blest;
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast;
E'en childhood's simple rhymes
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go through all years and climes,
The heart to cheer.
Chorus.—Kind words can never die, never die,
Kind words can never die,—no, never die.

Childhood can never die;
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a sunny spring,
Floats on Time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Chorus.—Childhood can never die, never die, &c.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Chorus.—Kind thoughts can never die, &c.

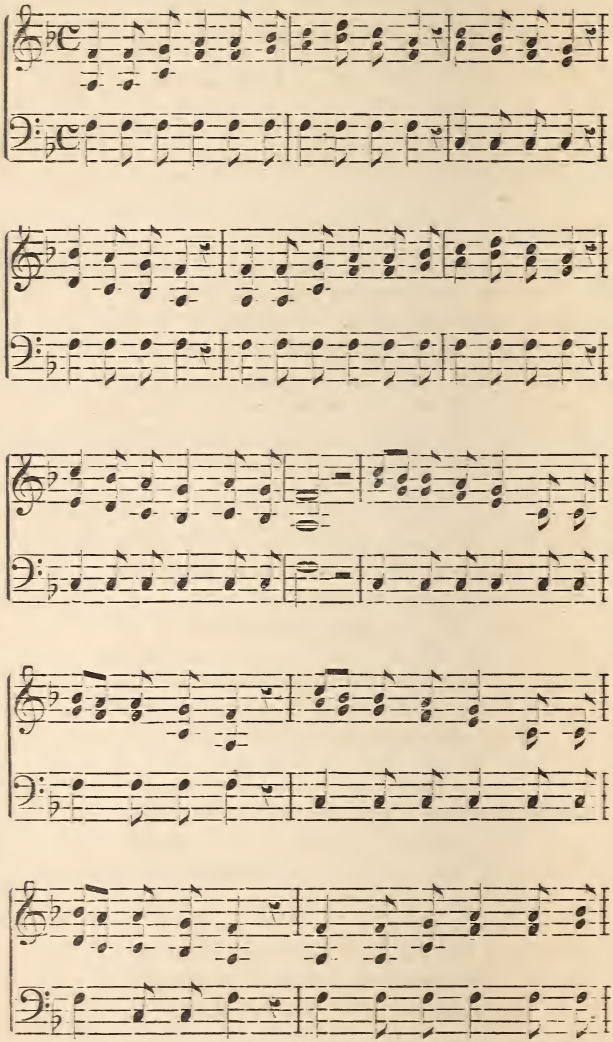
Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay;
Souls pass in peace away—
Live through eternal day
With God above.
Chorus.—Our souls can never die, never die,
Our souls can never die,—no, never die.

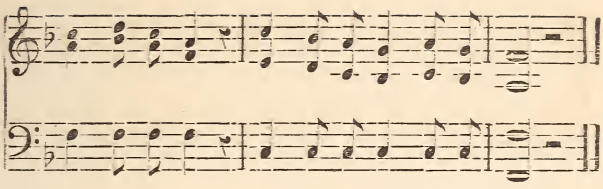
---

62 'Tis a lesson you should heed—
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.
Then your courage should appear;
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear:
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
Try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward—
Try, try again:
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you:
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.





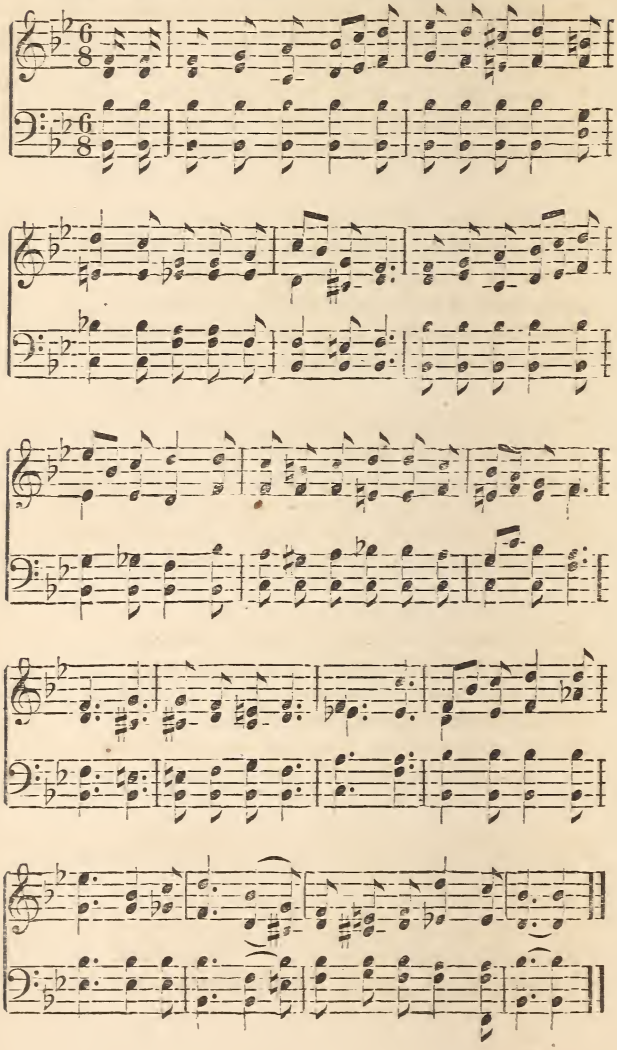
63

Weep not for those who have passed from our sight—
They are not gone, they are not gone;
Round thee they hover on pinions of light;
They are not gone, are not gone.
Fondly they watch thee as guardians of love,
Seeking to guide thee where'er thou dost rove,
Striving to lead thee to bright courts above;
They are not gone, are not gone.

Knowest thou not, in the stillness of night,
They are not gone. they are not gone;
Seest thou not in the visions of light,
They are not gone, are not gone?
Feelest thou not a bright presence in dreams,
Casting about thee its radiant beams—
Light which around them unceasingly gleams?
They are not gone, are not gone.

Journey serene then, till earth-life is o'er,
They are not gone, they are not gone;
Then they will guide thee to heaven's fair shore—
They are not gone, are not gone.
Then they will circle thy spirit in light,
Robing it fair for its heavenward flight
To the blest mansions, glorious, bright;
They are not gone, are not gone.

Words by Mrs. M. N. Meigs. Music by Fred. Schilling.



64

There's a wonderful tree, a wonderful tree,
The happy children rejoice to see,
Spreading its branches year by year.
It comes from the forest to flourish here ;
Oh ! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
Is always blooming at Christmas-tide.

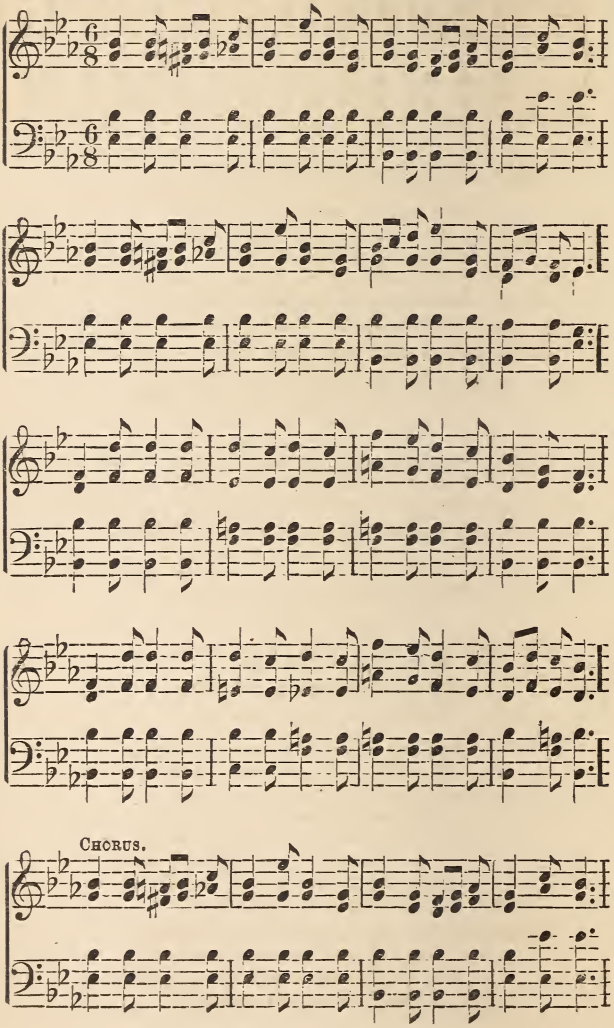
'Tis not alone in the summer's sheen
Its boughs are broad, and its leaves are green ;
It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,
And earth is white with feathery snow ;
And this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
Bears many a gift for the Christmas-tide.

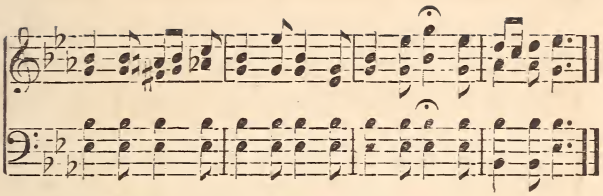
'Tis all alight with its tapers' glow,
That flash on the shining eyes below,
And the strange sweet fruit on each laden bough
Is all to be plucked by the gatherers now.
Oh ! this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
We hail it with joy at the Christmas-tide.

And a voice is telling, its boughs among,
Of the shepherds' watch and angels' song ;
Of a holy Babe in a manger low,
The beautiful story of long ago,
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide,
To herald the earliest Christmas-tide.

Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,
And bring some dainty gift to me,
And fill my heart with a burning love
To Him who came from His home above—
From His beautiful home with the glorified,
To give us the joys of the Christmas-tide.

Words by Mrs. M. N. Meigs. Music by Fred. Schilling.





65 Hark! a burst of heavenly music,
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night:
To the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the earliest dawn,
Lo, they bear the joyful tidings,
Jesus, Prince of Peace is born!

Chorus.—Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
"Glory be to God on high."

Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the Mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy Stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long expected,
Full of wisdom, love and grace,
To redeem His weary creatures,
To restore our human race.

Chorus.—So let angels wake the chorus,
So let happy men reply:
Chanting the celestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high."

And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago;
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us
In the fields of Bethlehem?

Chorus.—Hark! we hear again the chorus,
Ringing through the starry sky;
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high!"

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